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GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches... protecting yourself against sickness... securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business... winning happiness and love... reading the thoughts of others ... and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune . . *more riches* than you ever dreamed of:

"D—— J—— W— N-- T—— I- M- L—."

It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded $150,000!

By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from $10,000 to a million dollars, and *say this Mystic Chant!*

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y-- k— I l— y--." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n-- p—— u—— l—." Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n-- b—— t-- m— o- p— h—— p——." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

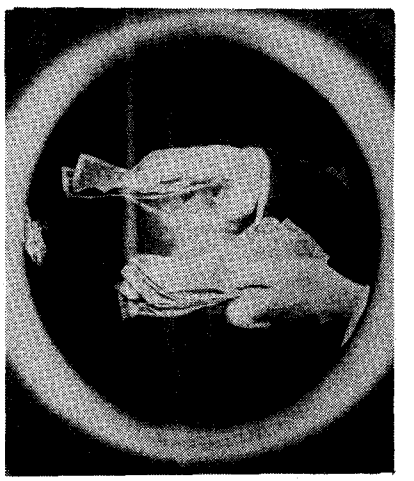
CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o— w— c—— p—— a— c— s—— a— p——" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n-- i—— m- m— a— b— c—— w— t-- p—— p—— o- r—— g— h——" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t-- s-- o- o-- t—— d—— s- I c— p— t— s——." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant. The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

ISLAND PARK BOOK CO., Dept. 135A
55A Saratoga Blvd., Island Park, N.Y. 11558

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of MIND COSMOLOGY by Norvell! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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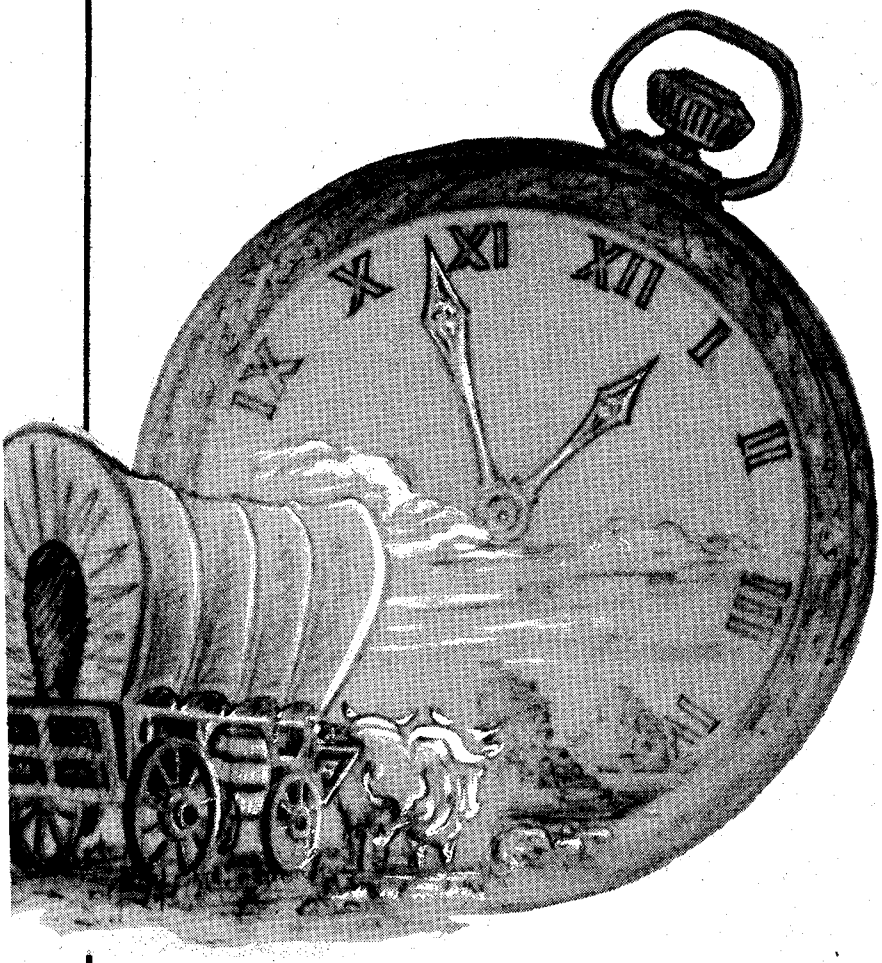

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REAL WEST

Jan. 1976 No. 143 Vol. 19

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REAL WEST published bi-monthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, Inc. Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Vol. XIX, No. 143, Jan., 1976. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Connecticut. Second Class Postage Paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1975 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Executive offices and office of publication, Division St., Derby, Connecticut 06418. Subscription $3.00 per year. Subscription Manager: Ida Cascio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photos. All material must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Printed in the USA. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016. (212-686-9050).

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HAILED BY MANY AS...

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS for the Relief of Signs of Illness!

Yes, Dear Friend:
Did you know that—right now—there is an ordinary vegetable, stored and forgotten in most kitchens, that is said to relieve many of the diseases of aging? According to one authority . . .

In the forests of Siberia, where it grows wild . . . the aged . . . the paralyzed . . . the sick . . . come on pilgrimages to eat of this wild vegetable and are relieved of their ills—rejuvenated and healed! He adds . . .

In Russia and Poland, among those who eat it, cancer is unknown and life averages over a century! Yet this amazing substance is available everywhere—for pennies!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing *seed*, which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." (**Genesis 1:29**)

MIRACLE HEALING FOODS REVEALED

You'll discover this food, and how to use it, on page 107 of an amazing book by Dr. Joseph M. Kadans—a *breakthrough book* that shows how certain common foods—called miracle healing foods by one authority—when used in a special way, can actually strike back at certain illnesses!

You'll find out how certain fruits, nuts, vegetables and seeds are said to:

Relieve painful backache, stiff, aching muscles and joints!

Ward off influenza, asthma, bronchitis, infections; protect you from colds, coughs, and respiratory ailments!

Relieve gas, ulcers, colitis; helps restore regularity!

Help heal stomach and liver disorders; help relieve kidney, bladder, and gall bladder problems; strengthen the heart!

Relieve such problems as baldness, boils, dandruff, eczema, pimples, and more!

Help relieve headaches, high blood pressure; help improve circulation; relieve hemorrhoids; wash away fatigue!

Help melt away extra pounds—and much more!

120-YEAR-OLD MAN CLAIMS: SIGHT AND HEARING RESTORED!

On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put *drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very* short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil *stimulates contractions of the gall* bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica*, another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

HELP FOR HEART AND ARTERIES!

Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

NO PILLS OR DRUGS . . . NO EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT NEEDED! UNIQUE FEATURE GIVES INSTANT REFERENCE TO REMEDIES FOR OVER 130 COMMON AND UNCOMMON COMPLAINTS!

The outstandingly unique feature of Dr. Kadans' book is the alphabetic SYMPTOM-MATIC LOCATOR INDEX. Just look up the symptom for almost any ailment, disease or part of the body imaginable . . . and presto! You flip to the page that gives the remedy recommended!

For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. *He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff* and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

AND YOURS TO PROVE—FOR 30 DAYS—ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK!

All you need to know is right here in this book. Read *about these amazing natural medicines.* Each one is a fruit, nut, vegetable or seed that can help in a different way. So get started NOW and look forward to a long, rewarding life, full of healthful living!

You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FRUITS, VEGETABLES, NUTS AND SEEDS FOR HEALTHFUL LIVING by JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D.! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

NICE GOING, STEPHANIE

Dear Editor,

Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger's article in the September issue, "The Unforgettable Custers," was one of the very best stories in your magazine that I have ever read.

Here is certainly the way to tell history. For history is much more than names and dates, and she displays, with her uncanny insight, that she is well aware of that fact.

Much criticism has been heaped upon General Custer when, in fact, he was little different than any of the other field commanders in the Indian Wars. In some respects he was much better! For those addicted to picking out individuals of this era and pointing the finger of accusation, I have this to say: Better they point an accusing finger at the United States Government and its Indian policies at this time. In so doing they would be far closer to the truth. And the history of this man would be less distorted.

Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger, in her excellent article, has made a fine contribution to true history of the west by showing the General as he really was.

Sincerely,
Jerry Wagner
3921 East Wagner Trail
Oscoda, MI 48750

THANK YOU KINDLY

Dear Editor,

In these fleeting days of anxiety, book stands don't offer that much reading interest anymore. But there's always that thrill in seeing a picturesque new REAL WEST cover that guarantees another rare evening of enjoying this nation's most stirring enterprise — the taming of America's West. And while fresh approaches to repeats must tax the staff's ingenuity, I commend RW for maintaining a high standard of interest.

The various regular departments graphically accent each winning issue, and to an old cinema sentimentalist like me, Mario DeMarco's Movie Hall of Fame is a favorite vignette. Knowing that many RW real-life pioneers detested the romanticizing of our rough - mannered frontier, he has recalled revered make-believe pioneers, too, like Wm. S. Hart, Bill Farnum, Jack Holt and Harry Carey, who at least strove for authenticity. Thankfully he has many left to go — Edmund Cobb. Bob Custer, Neal Hart, Fred Humes, Pete Morrison, Wally Wales, Bill Fairbanks, Leo Maloney, etc. — while portraying later stars for younger RW readers.

Thanks most sincerely, REAL WEST, for keeping the past and its personalities alive and exciting.

Wm. Julison
1708 1st Ave. N.
Grand Forks, ND 58201

BLOOPER!

Dear Editor,

In a recent article on Ranger John Hughes, by Carl W. Breihan, in REAL WEST, Sept. 1975, on page 27, column 3, paragraph 6, sentence 2 & 3 you wrote:

"On February 11, 1943, when Captain Hughes celebrated his 88th birthday, he was still going strong. He passed away on May 3, 1977 at Austin, Texas, at the good old age of 92."

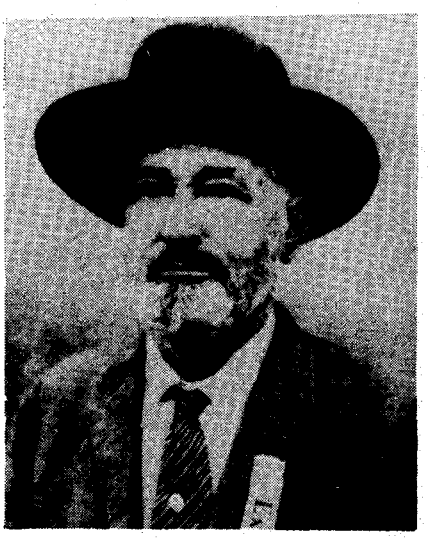
Now if you say he was 88 in 1943, then he should be 125 years old in 1977 when he died, and since 1977 isn't even here yet, I say that this is a real confusing blooper, not just to me but to all the people who bought September issues of REAL WEST.

Since I am just one of your thousands of readers of your enjoyable magazine, I am sure I am not the only reader who has found this blooper, but just one of your 14-year-old readers.

I shall continue to buy your enjoyable magazine since I am getting a small reward for finding this one - in - a - million blooper.

Yours truly,
M. Lisowsky
69-15 53 Ave.
Maspeth, NY 11378

Editor's Note: The RW gremlins have struck again! The 7 should have been a 4, thus showing Captain Hughes' passing away to be on May 3, 1947.



"SHOSHONE MIKE" SURVIVOR LOCATED

Dear Editor,

According to most western history writers and readers, all members of the "Shoshone Mike" band of Indians have been dead for many years, with most of them being killed by a posse near Winnemucca, Nevada in 1911. Now a survivor of this massacre has been located in central Washington state through 15 years of research by Dayton O. Hyde, author of the book, *The Last Free Man.*

The survivor is Miss Mary Jo Estep, 75, who is a retired schoolteacher and was raised by white people after surviving the massacre of her mother, father, grandfather, and seven other Indians.

Walt Thayer
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Wenatchee, WA 98801

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

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Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

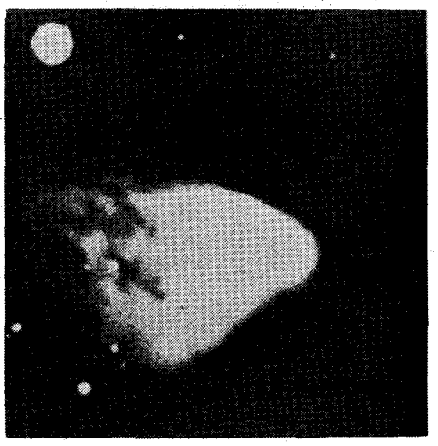
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

S.A. & L. Enterprises, Inc., Dept. E14873
50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

☐ Check here if you wish your order sent C.O.D. Enclose only $1 good-will deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus C.O.D. postage and handling charges. Same money-back guarantee.

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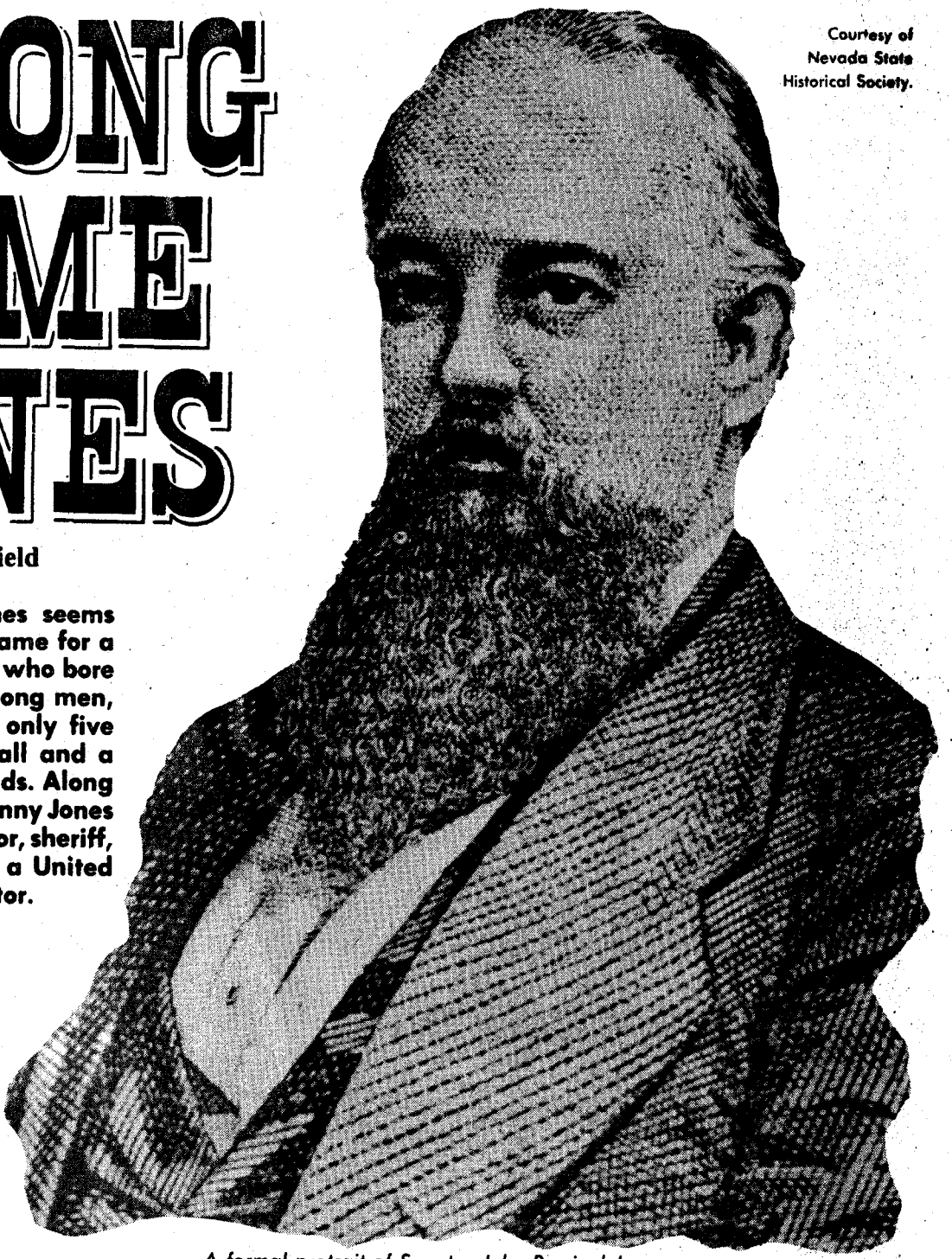
ALONG CAME JONES

by William Wingfield

John Percival Jones seems like an unlikely name for a hero, but the man who bore it was a giant among men, although he was only five feet nine inches tall and a compact 180 pounds. Along the road of life Johnny Jones became a prospector, sheriff, and for 30 years, a United States Senator.



Courtesy of Nevada State Historical Society.

A formal protrait of Senator John Percival Jones.

So many Western movies seem to feature a quiet, soft-spoken Gary Cooper-type hero named Jones that it seems hard to believe that one named Jones (and especially John P. Jones) really existed.

John Percival Jones was about five feet nine, weighed about 180 pounds, and was of ruddy complexion with dark eyes. He certainly played all the parts that one expects of a Western hero exceedingly well.

During his long career, he was a sailor 'round the Horn, a prospector, sheriff, Indian fighter, mine owner and developer, mining disaster hero, builder of cities, frontier political reformer, and the man who crushed the "wicked" bankers. He became fabulously wealthy, lost it, and got it back again. He served 30 years as United States Senator.

Born Jan. 27, 1829, in England, his parents brought him to Ohio when he was about two. His uncle became governor of Ohio.

When the California Gold Rush broke out, 19 - year - old Johnny Jones, his brother, and other boys decided it would be quite an adventure to sail out to California. The young Jack Armstrongs bought a 300-ton sailing schooner.

They set sail from Cleveland out Lake Erie, through the Welland Canal, across Lake Ontario, and across Canada on the St. Lawrence River to the open sea. On around the Horn they sailed, landing in San Francisco in 1850.

Soon, Johnny Jones was prospecting up in Calaveras, Tuolumne and Trinity Counties. At this early age, he showed himself a man to inspire affection and trust among his fellow prospectors. They thought well enough of him in Trinity County to make him sheriff.

He was with a party of 20 men when they were ambushed by Indians. Three men were killed, four others wounded. One of the men who volunteered to go for help never returned.

Then Jones volunteered to go for help. Unarmed, he

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Courtesy of Santa Monica Chamber of Commerce.

The statue of Senator John Percival Jones, founder of Santa Monica, Calif., on the Santa Monica Mall, downtown Santa Monica.

crawled on his stomach through the surrounding mass of 300 Indians. He reached the rescue party and led it back to save his friends.

Such heroism and outstanding service as sheriff led to Trinity County electing him its state senator in 1863. His two terms in the California State Senate brought him such added distinction that in 1867, he received the Republican nomination for California's lieutenant governor.

Though he did run well ahead of the rest of the ticket, election day was a sweep for the Democrats. Among those beaten was John Percival Jones.

Worst of all, campaign expenses ruined him financially. His immediate concern was to find some sort of a job.

Over in Virginia City, Nevada, the Bank of California, through its local agent, William Sharon, now had control of the fabled Comstock Lode. Sharon had seized mines when owners defaulted on loans. "Independent" miners were almost wholly dependent upon Sharon.

One of Sharon's partners was Jones' brother - in - law, Alvinza Hayward. Hayward knew Jones as a sturdy, reliable man. He got Jones a job as superintendent of the bank-controlled Kentuck Mine. Jones soon developed the reputation of having "a nose for ore". He turned out to be such an excellent superintendent that he was made superintendent of the larger, more prosperous and more promising Crown Point Mine.

Many of these mines were interlocking through underground tunnels. As superintendent of Crown Point, Jones also had a responsibility for adjoining Yellow Jacket and Kentuck. He had already found a promising ore lead in Yellow Jacket when Doomsday struck.

On the morning of April 7, 1869, wisps of smoke began to seep out of the Yellow Jacket Mine. Fire had broken out on the 800-foot level. Fire alarm whistles shrieked. The mine was soon spewing out smoke, soot, debris, and belching flames like a man-made volcano. Flames spread through the tunnels to Crown Point as well. Men were trapped underground.

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A photo of the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica, Calif. as it is today. The Miramar Hotel was and is originally the home and estate of U.S. Sen. John P. Jones at Santa Monica.

Courtesy of Miramar Hotel Corp.

At noon, Jones wrote out a message on cardboard. He set it in the elevator cage with a lantern so that it could be read and lowered it to the 1,000-foot level. Jones stood by and waited. There was no reply. The lantern was snuffed out by the fumes. All hope for the trapped men was gone.

Steam would have to be forced through the air pipes to smother the flames. A metal plate had to be driven through one of the pipes to cut off the lower levels and direct all steam to the 700-foot level. Whoever tried it would be walking into certain death. Jones felt he conscientiously couldn't ask for volunteers.

He and a miner named Nagle went down the elevator cage. Nagle was soon dazed. Jones felt drunk. He was groggy and wobbling, frequently missing when he struck at the metal plate with his sledgehammer. Still, he had almost completed the job when his last candle gasped out.

In total darkness, Jones and Nagle fled back to the elevator cage. Nagle, in panic, gave the signal to hoist before Jones even got on. Jones leaped aboard as the cage rose.

Forty-five men died in the fire. Even hope of fully extinguishing the fire had to be given up. Yellow Jacket had to be abandoned. The mine was sealed off.

Of course, in diaster someone is always needed to blame. There was no better choice than the already hated William Sharon. His greed was blamed.

In contrast to the hatred felt for Sharon, Jones was the overnight hero of Virginia City. In contrast to the hatred felt for Sharon, everyone was talking about what a brave man, what a "good guy" was John Percival Jones.

Naturally, he enjoyed such plaudits; but, typically, he went quietly back to his work. After all, he was an employee of Sharon. If anyone ever asked, John Percival Jones and William Sharon were the best of friends.

The immediate task was relocating in Crown Point the lost streak of ore that seemed so promising in Yellow Jacket. Jones began new exploration at the 1,000-foot level. It showed nothing. Jones drove a shaft eastward for 800 feet without any luck. Another barren shaft was driven for 300 feet.

Meanwhile, existing Crown Point shafts played out. Crown Point stocks tumbled on the San Francisco Exchange. In November, 1870, they were on the market for $2 per share, and no one was buying. The year before, shares were selling for $100 each.

The Bank of California advanced $250,000 for exploration costs, but it was soon gone.

Jones had such faith that he would relocate the seam that he and his brother - in - law began buying up Crown Point stock themselves. Jones not only invested all of his own savings in Crown Point stock, but borrowed all he could to buy more.

Rumors grew that Jones' explorations had totally failed. Some of his friends ceased loaning him money for stocks. Friends who bought stock on Jones' recommendation wanted out. It took all of his powers of persuasion to urge them to hold on.

As explorations continued, he kept Sharon fully apprised of their progress. There could be no accusation of breach of faith. He did not keep the stock purchases hidden from Sharon, either. After all, the Bank of California still held controlling interest and wasn't selling its own stock. Yet, there still was no indication of any new find.

Jones told people that his son Roy was ill, so he might be called away from the mine for a while. This was to cover his stock negotiations from the general public. If the general public found out, prices would soar. It had its effect. Raucous laughter broke out in both San Francisco and Virginia City about "Jones' sick child." The "sick child," everyone laughed, was really Crown Point Mine. The mine was through. More and more wanted

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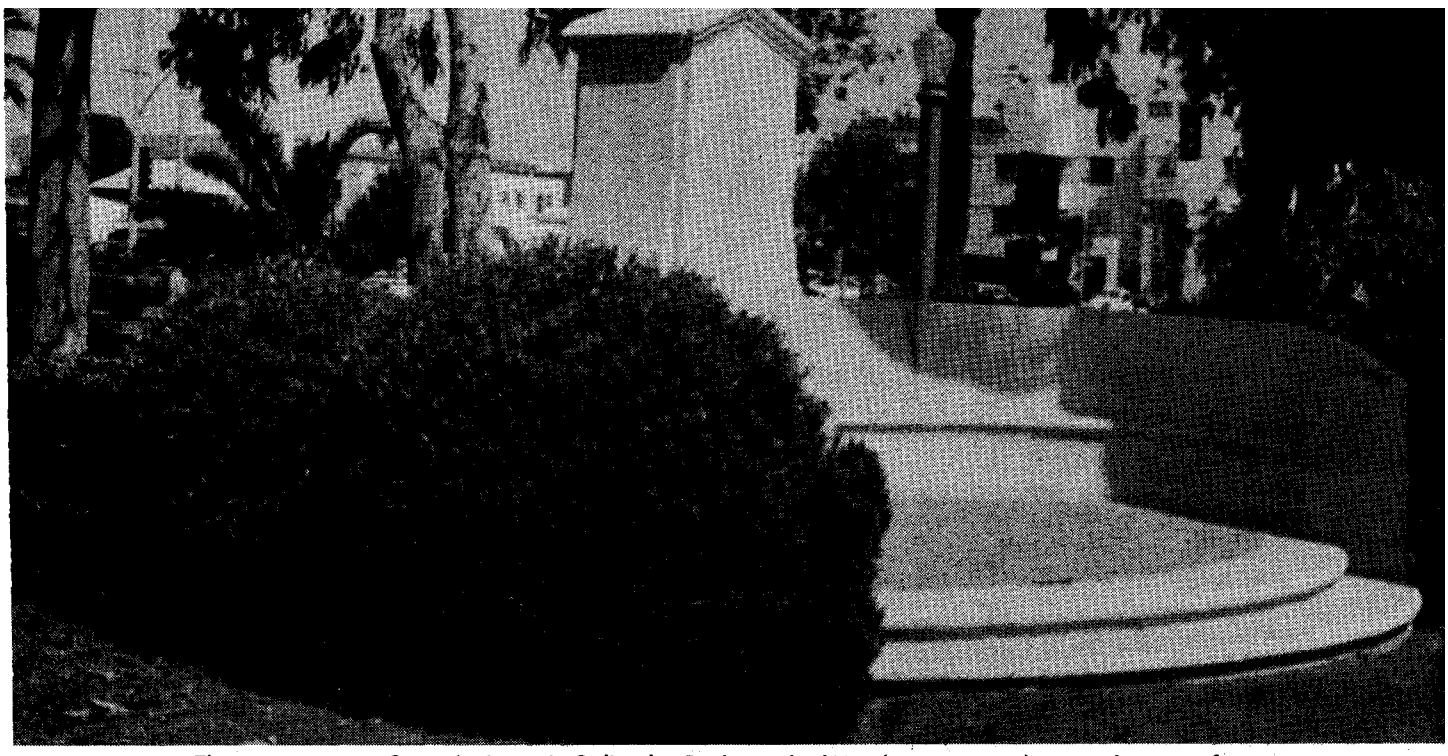

The monument to Senator Jones in Palisades Park overlooking the ocean and across the street from Miramar Hotel in Sana Monica, Calif. This monument marks the spot where Senator Jones spent his last years sitting near the sea cliffs watching the sun set over the Pacific Ocean at his home, Miramar.

to sell their stock, with Jones and Hayward as ready buyers.

On returning to Virginia City from San Francisco, Jones inspected the work done in his absence. There it was. The men had located the missing Yellow Jacket streak.

He leaped into the elevator cage and sped back to the surface. He ran to the telegraph office and wired Hayward to grab up all the remaing stock he could.

The stock suddenly skyrocketed to $180 per share, but Jones and Hayward and associates now had almost half of the 1,200 shares. Now Sharon and the bank saw their controlling interest threatened under their very noses on the eve of bonanza. The bank officers rushed out to buy more until the bank held 4,100 shares. The bankers were too late. Jones and Hayward now had all but virtual control.

Sharon saw that a fight was futile and costly. In all graciousness, Sharon offered to sell Jones and Hayward the 4,100 shares for $1.4 million. To Sharon's surprise, Hayward wrote out a check for the full amount.

The mine poured out $30 million in gold and silver. Jones and Hayward found themselves among the wealthiest men in America.

Sharon's power and monopoly on the Comstock Lode had been fractured. He had been humiliated. Everyone in Virginia City was getting his revenge by laughing at Sharon.

They were also cheering John Percival Jones. Jones was the double-hero now. Not only was he the hero of the Yellow Jacket fire, but he was a new hero for "one-upping" Sharon.

Of course, Sharon may have had his pride hurt, but he was far from being destroyed. He was even getting wealthier every day. He now wanted glory along with his power. What could give a man more power and glory than being United States Senator?

All that seemed to be needed to be senator from Nevada was money. Since Nevada became a state in 1864, it had been represented in the U.S. Senate by William M. Stewart and James W. Nye. Nye was up for re-election in 1872. He was old and becoming a bit senile. If Sharon wanted to be senator, it was easy enough for the bank to persuade Nye that he should retire.

If the average citizen didn't want Sharon, that didn't matter. Who had the money to oppose him? Who, but Johnny Jones?

(continued on page 61)

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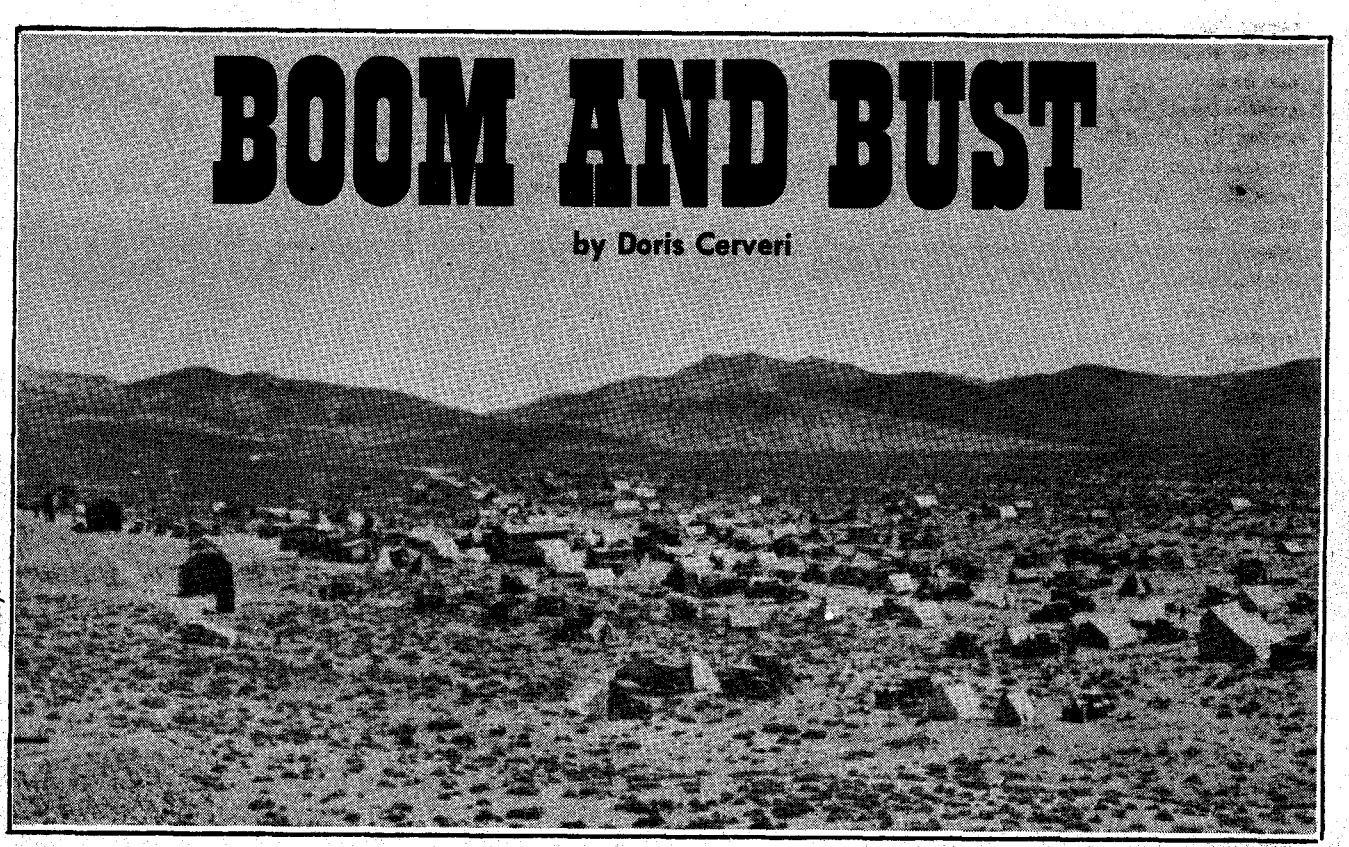
BOOM AND BUST

by Doris Cerveri



Nevada Historical Society.

Scenic view, Weepah.

The stampede to Weepah in 1925 was one of the wildest Nevada has ever experienced. A motley horde of people came in new-style touring cars, coupes, on foot and by stage, and the railroad added extra coaches to accommodate the frenzied mob. Right along with the horde of people came newsreel cameramen from Pathe News, and with them a staff of scenario writers was sent by Cecil B. DeMille. Supposedly the movie mogul intended to promote a gold-rush story using shots of the area, which would include scenes of Goldfield and Rhyolite. Dance-hall girls from nearby Tonopah, too, joined the crowd to stake out their claims. Not to be outdone was the naive individual who joined the rush because he heard there was plenty of "free gold." All of this traffic on the dirt road leading into Weepah, which took off at the junction of the Silver - Peak - Goldfield turnoff, was so congested that dust accumulated a mile in the air.

As compared to Weepah, mining had been done on a very limited scale before 1905, but nothing developed. When high-grade silver and gold was found in February, however, samples were thought to be comparable with those found in the Cripple Creek mining district in Colorado. When this news leaked out, over 200 experienced miners and prospectors showed up to make a fortune.

A tent city sprang up, and tent stores with wooden floors and sides were easily assembled by means of little

Grocery store, Weepah.

Nevada Historical Society.

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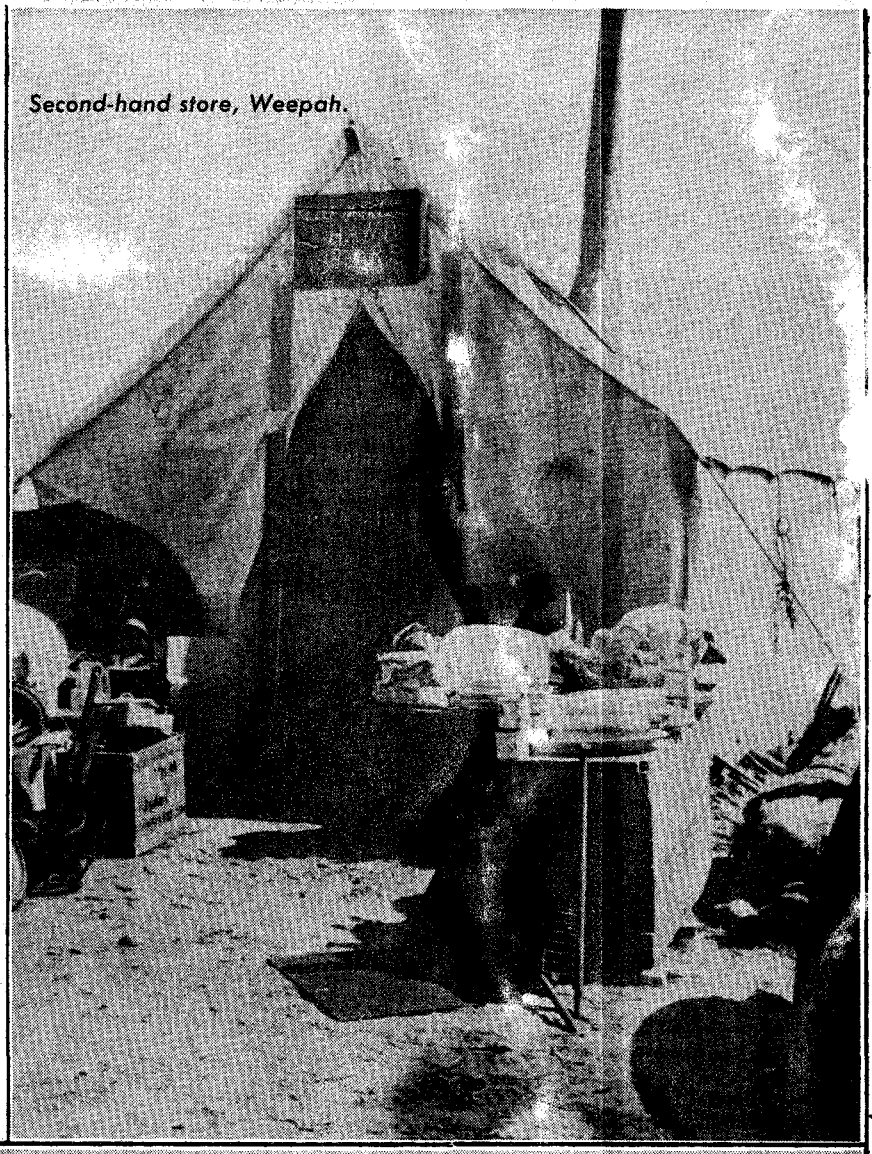
ropes fastened over hooks and nails. Just a wooden frame held the canvas top in place. There was no shortage of commodities offered by these open-air stores. Everything from cold soda pop to canned cream was available. Business was brisk, especially for those who didn't find a rich strike; there were plenty of suckers ready and willing to own land in a cosmopolitan city.

It wasn't long before over 1000 claims dotted the hillside like a multitude of gopher holes. When George Wingfield, the well-known banker and mining speculator, organized the Wahmonie Mining Company, townspeople knew they had a sure thing. Once again gold deposits were spotty and only on the surface. By the end of the year, it was just another bust.

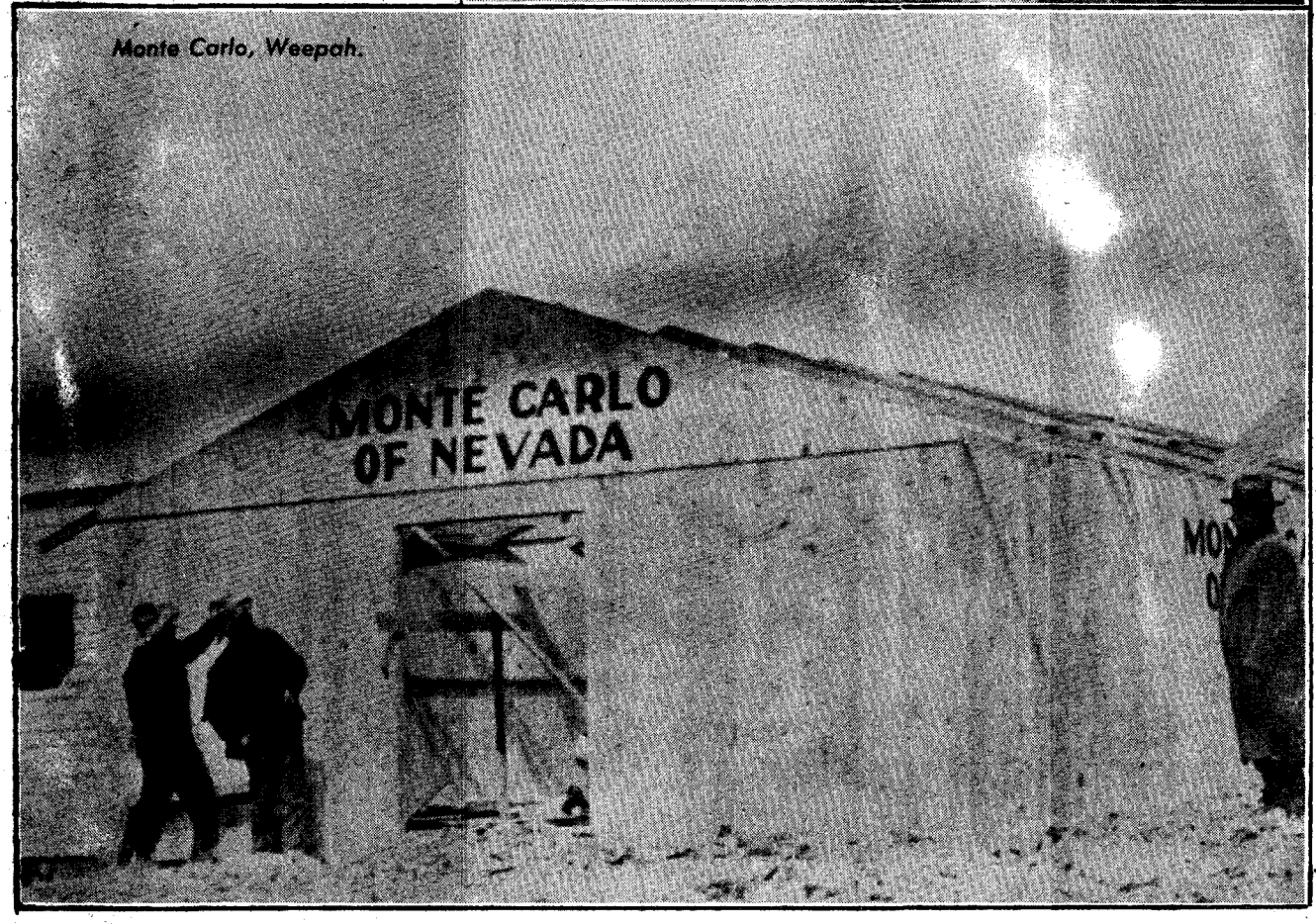
Within a couple of weeks a sea of tents and flimsy buildings sprang up like mushrooms after a spring rain, and wily stock promoters added their cards to other aspiring businessmen.

There were so many mining men from southern California staying at Goldfield's elegant old hotel, some wag remarked that it looked like old times. The enterprising owner had placards printed up and placed in the lobby. Each one listed a Nevada boom town and the information that anyone wanting to discuss the merits of a particular locality should contact Manager Harry Ruhl.



Second-hand store, Weepah.

Nevada Historical Society.



Monte Carlo, Weepah.

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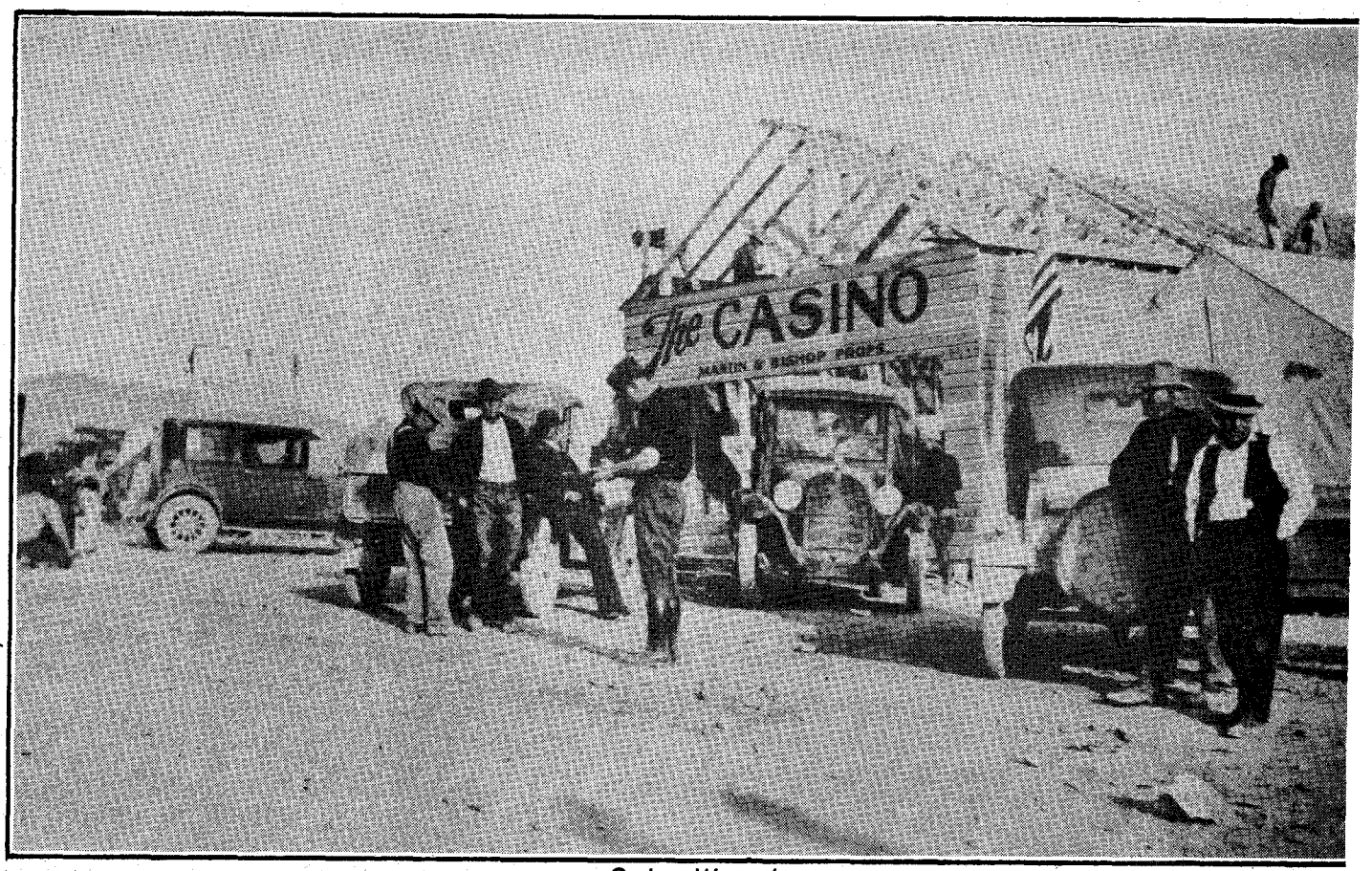

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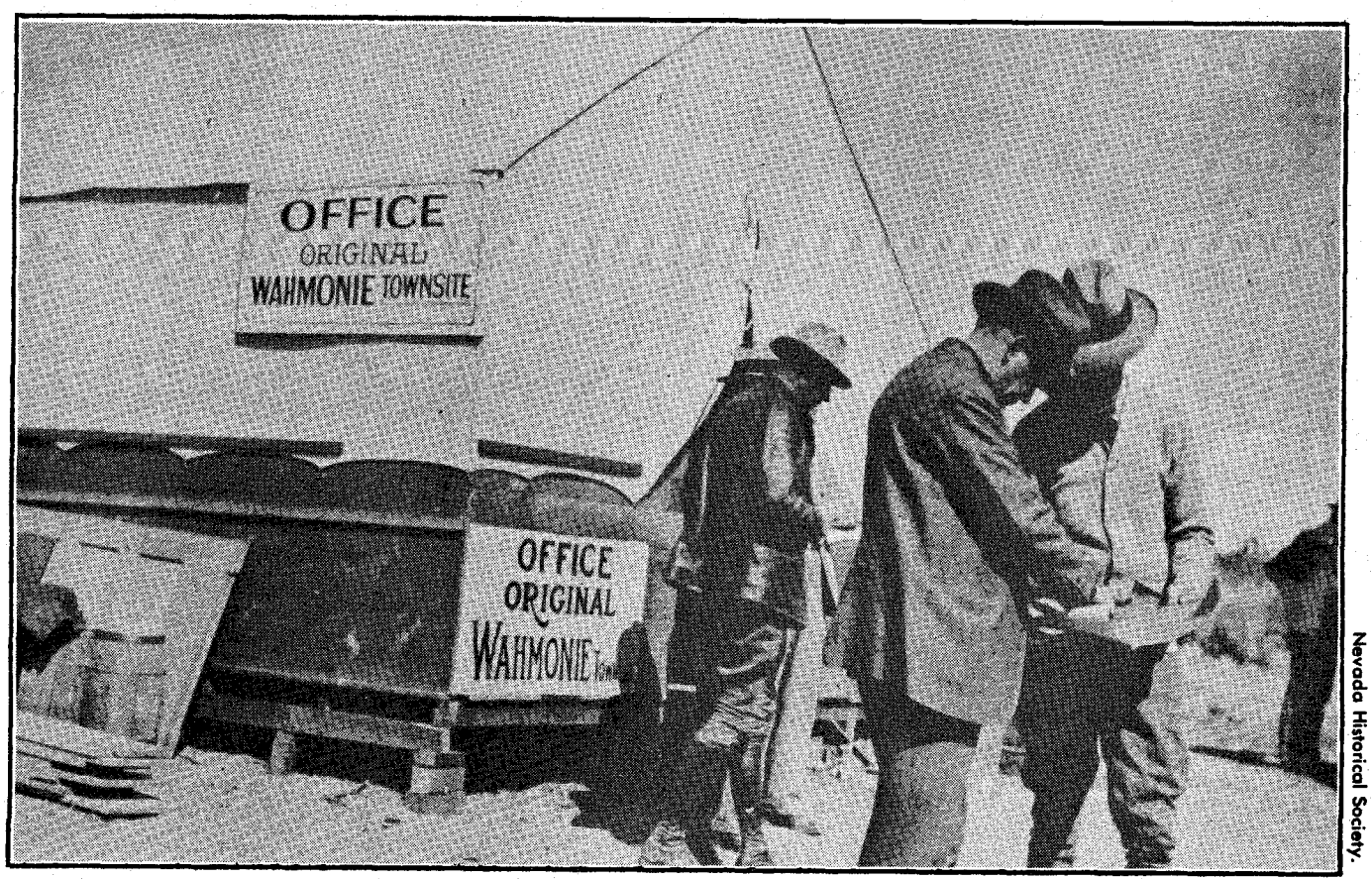
Casino, Weepah.



Nevada Historical Society.

Real estate office, Wahmonie

There was such frenzied activity on Weepah's main street, with so many dispensers of hot dogs, quickie lunches, soft drinks and "fire water," it resembled a midway carnival. The busiest men in town were owners of garages, for no matter how fancy an auto looked, there were flat tires galore and numerous other mechanical failures.

Tonopah and Goldfield newspapers touted Weepah's rich strikes, declaring it the best bonanza of them all. Will

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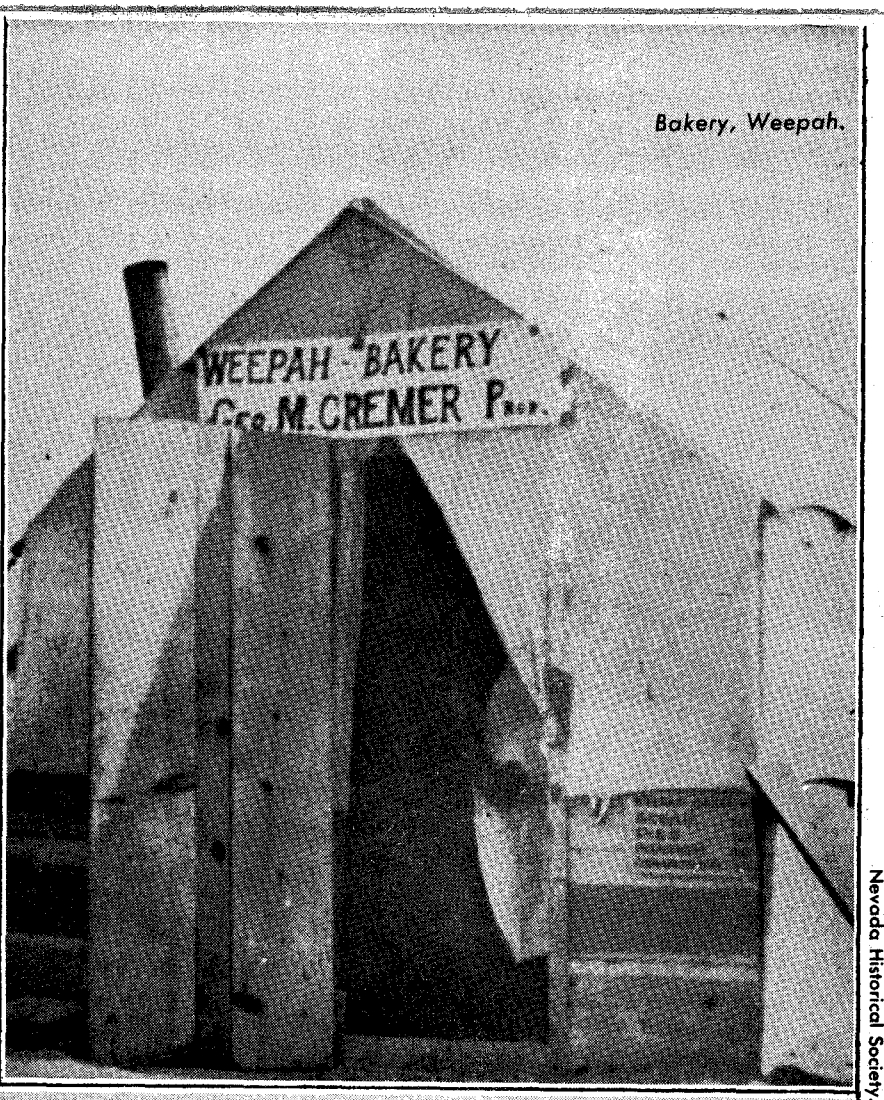
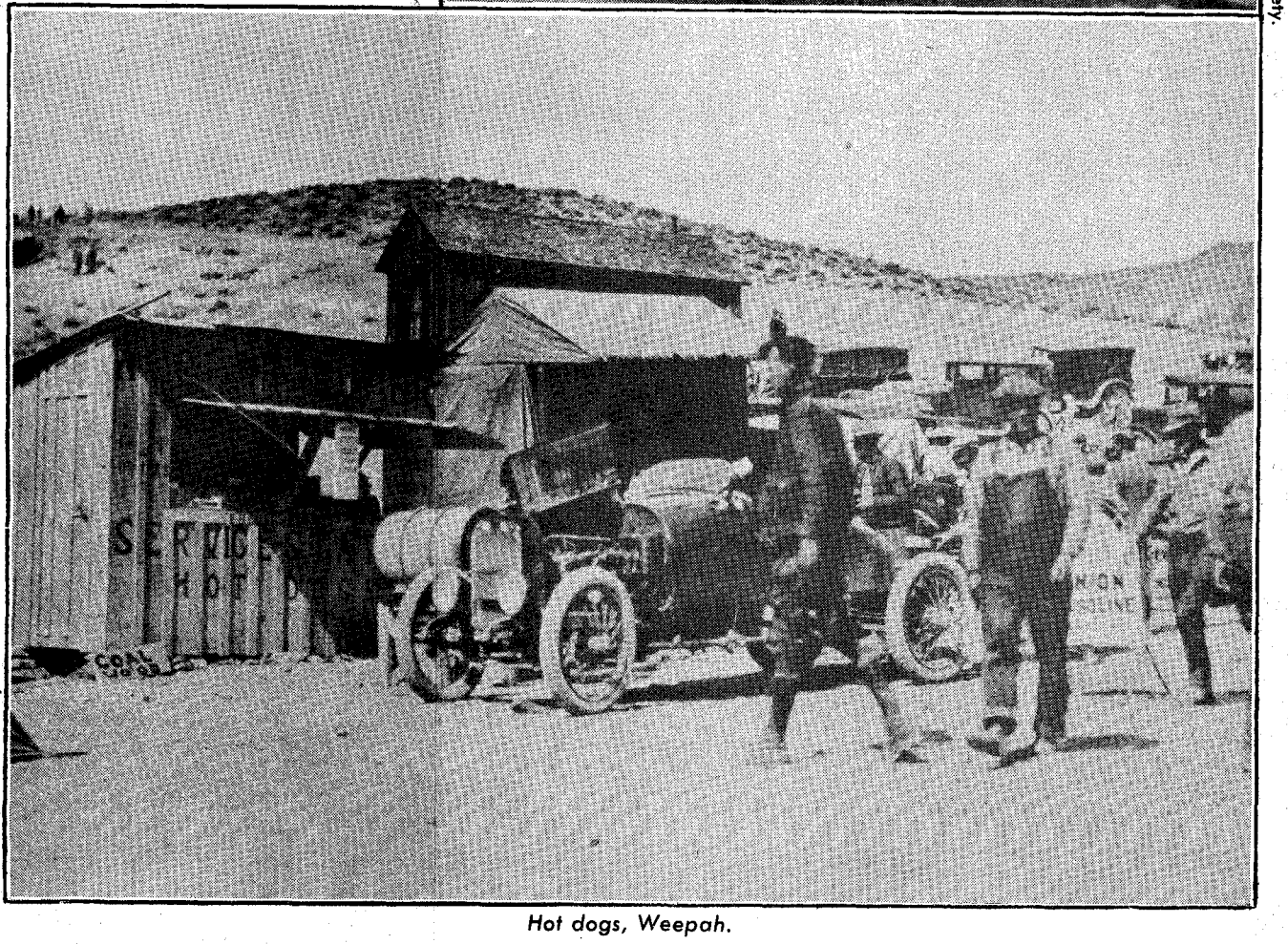
Weepah make good, everyone asked each other? Well, it didn't. It was the old story of "Boom and Bust" which had happened not once but time and time again throughout Nevada and the West in general. Free gold had been discovered all right, across 10 inches in a surface cut where large pockets of gold were taken out. Of course, the presence of surface deposits of gold, however small, did not stop the search for gold, for, after all, wasn't it located in one of the richest mineral areas of the United States?

Weepah's later discovery, though, wasn't the first one by any means. Over 25 years before, Jimmy Darrough found a piece of quartz float in a badger hole while hauling hay to Silver Peak. As soon as he could, he sent an Indian out to prospect the trail, and, sure enough, his scout found the source. Because the nearest mill was 60 miles away and the ore not rich enough, only assaying $500 to the ton, Darrough couldn't afford to develop his claims. He did manage to keep up his assessment work throughout the years. When he died, his claims were bought by Frank Horton and partner, Leonard Traynor, from Darrough's widow. These two men later rediscovered ore bodies to a length of 400 feet which assayed



Bakery, Weepah.

Nevada Historical Society.



Nevada Historical Society.

Hot dogs, Weepah.

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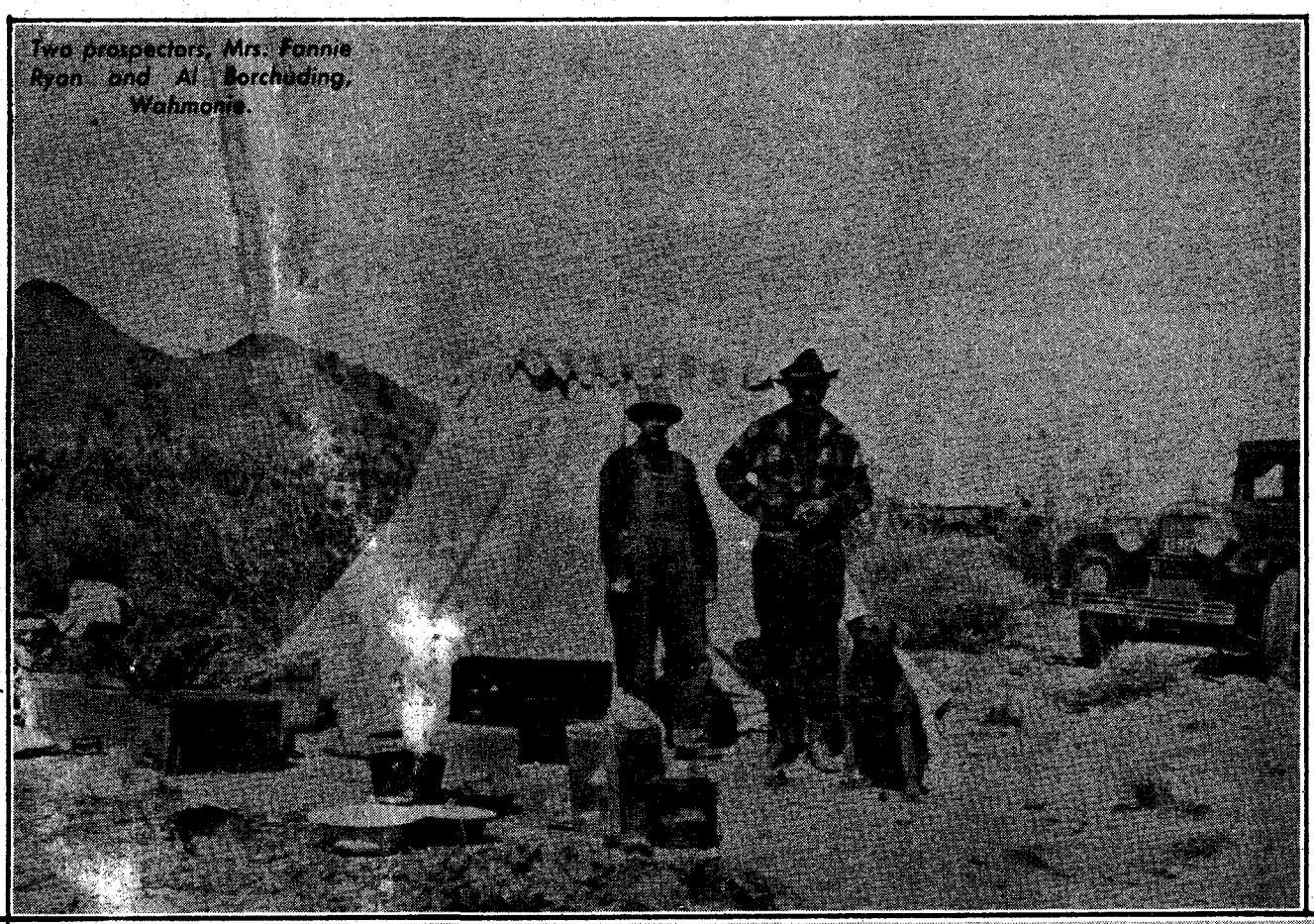
$70,000 a ton, and they thought they had discovered the lost treasure of Midas.

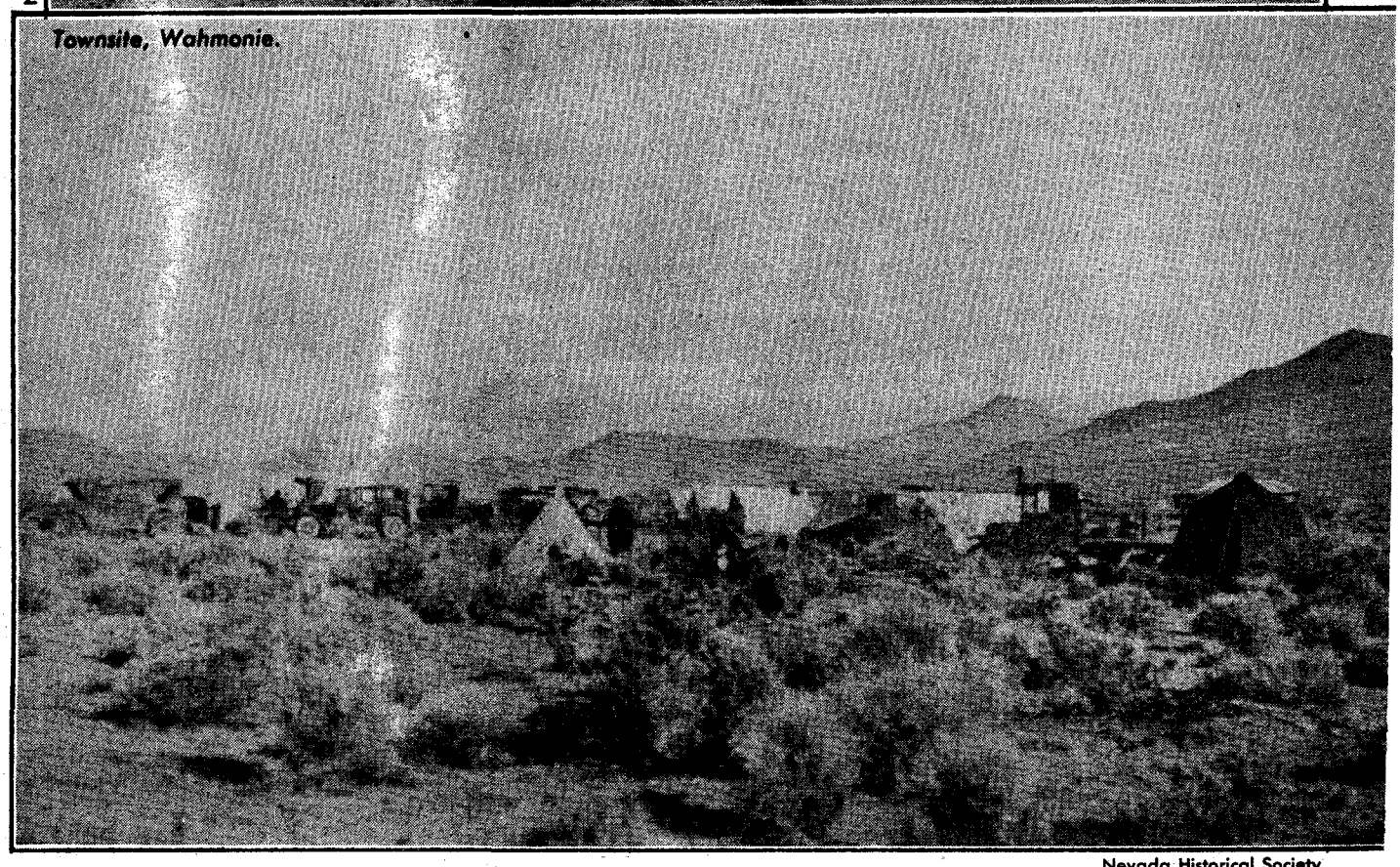
Their new discovery was named the Electric Gold Mine. Several small shipments were sent out before the entire area fizzled, and once again shafts were taken over by lizards, rabbits and horned toads.

Weepah wasn't the last flamboyant rush that Nevada experienced. Again in 1928 individuals sold all their possessions and hurried to Wahmonie, 34 miles southeast of Beatty. Here they took a big chance, not only hoping for a rich strike, but the site was within the the Las Vegas Bombing and Gunnery Range. ●RW



Two prospectors, Mrs. Fannie Ryan and Al Borchuding, Wahmonie.

Nevada Historical Society.



Townsite, Wahmonie.

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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

WIDOW OF GENERAL CUSTER ILL

The widow of General Custer, who has achieved some notable triumphs in literature, is suffering from ill-health, and has been obliged to abandon the lecture course which has been mapped out for her. She will spend two or three months in Nova Scotia, and it is hoped by the many admirers who esteemed her alike for her personal worth and the courage she has displayed under adverse fortune, that she may speedily and fully recover.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Nov. 8, 1890

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW WOWS THEM IN GERMANY

Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show have achieved fresh triumphs. In fact, this chieftain of the plains seems destined to conquer everything before him. On the appearance of his show at Stuttgart, in Germany, some two weeks since, the whole city was *en fete*. Not only the common people attended to the number of several thousands, but even the court was present in its royal pomp, and shared the delight which the show afforded.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Nov. 1, 1890

INDIAN MESSIAH CULT RAMPANT IN WEST

Thoughtful writers, both in the past, have been led to the conclusion that the red men, the aborigines of the United States, were the real descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. It is possibly an indirect confirmation of this theory that some of the remnant of our native Indians in the Far West have recently fallen under great excitement by reason of the visitation of a stranger, who was welcomed as "The Messiah," or "Christ." This new Messiah is said to be an intelligent but uneducated Indian, who preaches a gospel of good-will, but accompanies it with a promise that the Indians shall have their land again, and be supreme over the white man. This sort of talk to ignorant savages has had the effect, naturally, of exciting them to demonstrations of violence toward the whites. False Messiahs have not infrequently been welcomed by white people, but an Indian Messiah is a new thing. Is it possible that the lost tribes of Israel, as represented in the blood of the American savages, now seek the missing Master?

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
December 6, 1890

BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE

In the annals of American history there cannot be found a battle so fierce, bloody and decisive as the fight at Wounded Knee Creek between the Seventh Cavalry and Big Foot's band of Sioux. The Little Big Horn massacre, where Custer met his death, was a slaughter in which the greatly superior numbers of the Indians won for them a comparatively easy victory. This affair at Wounded Knee was a stand-up fight of the most desperate kind, in which the entire band was annihilated, and, although the soldiers outnumbered their opponents nearly three to one, the victory was won by Troops B and K, about one hundred strong, at least twenty less than the warriors in front of them.

There is nothing in the nature of the Sioux Indian to suggest a reason for their unexpected attack. They are wily fellows with any amount of strategy, who usually employ all the cunning of Indian warfare, and do not meet an opponent in open field unless they feel confident of success. The only explanation is to be found in the influence of their medicine-men and his peculiar ghost-dance.

When the band of Indians, under the leadership of Big Foot, walked out of their lodges and formed a semicircle in front of the soldiers' tents there was absolutely nothing to indicate that they would not submit, as they had agreed to do the night before. General Forsythe, an Indian fighter of tried worth, never gave a thought to the chances of a fight. He had the field pretty well surrounded with his men to cut off any movement toward escape, and though his plans were undoubtedly carefully laid, now that we know now treacherous the Indians were, it is plain that the general made a mistake when he did not draw his men up in line - of - battle.

When it was made plain to the band that their arms must be given up the murmur of discontent was unanimous. Close observers could see that trouble was brewing. After the first attempt to find their guns was made, the chief medicine-man arose, danced out in advance, and chanted. He pretended to be saying friendly words, so that the interpreters would not alarm the officers, but occasionally dropped a word in reference to their ghost-shirts and their so-called miraculous power to withstand bullets. General Forsythe ordered him to sit down after a time, but his object had been attained. The braves were visibily excited, and when the soldiers proceeded to disarm them the medicine-man jumped up, uttered loud incantation, and fired at a trooper standing guard over the captured guns.

That was the signal for fight, and in a second every buck in the party arose to his feet, cast aside the blanket which covered his Winchester, and, taking direct aim, fired at the troop in front of them and not fifty feet away. It was a terrible onslaught, and so sudden that all were for the nonce dumbfounded, but quickly recovering, they opened on the enemy, who stood their ground with wonderful tenacity. The position of Troops B and K would not allow their fellow cavalry-men to fire lest they should shoot through the Indians and kill their own men.

Thus the terrible duel raged for thirty minutes. Nothing like it was ever seen between red and white men. With the greatest coolness, fortitude, and bravery the sturdy Seventh sent home their leaden messengers of death into the ranks of Big Foot's followers, and be it said to the credit of the latter, they fought with wonderful courage. But they were forced to recede before the fierce onslaught of the whites, and as they fell back a terrible fire was opened upon them from every side by the troopers, who had now come up to the aid of their comrades. Back they went, now on the run, some turning to fire, and in the flying, frenzied, terrified throng were women and children. Some of the former fought with as much desperation as the warriors. It was im-

(continued on page 60)

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University of Wyoming photo.

Congressman Frank W. Mondell of Wyoming.

by Budington Swanson

THE LAST INDIAN

By 1890, the Sioux in South Dakota had been living quietly. Then, the war chiefs returned from a pow-wow with Wovoka, the Indian Messiah. He promised to restore the buffalo herds and make the white men vanish from the earth. A lot of Indians believed him, and the surrounding settlers were on their guard.

Bad medicine, from the vomit of the owl, had been brewing for a long time around the Sioux campfires on the Pine Ridge reservation of South Dakota. During the fall and winter of 1890, it was ripe for skimming. It came to a head as Good Thunder, Yellow Knife, and Cloud Horse returned from Nevada after powwowing with Wovoka, the Indian Messiah. He promised much: to make the white man vanish from the earth, to restore the buffalo herds, to erase the wagon tracks from the long grass, and to bring back their dead.

It would all come about, he told them, through the mystic power of the moonstruck ghost dance, which made the red man immortal. But more convincing, perhaps, were the buckskin ghost shirts, which he claimed were impenetrable to white man's bullets.

News of the macabre ghost dances and rumors in their aftermath drifted westward into the eastern counties of Wyoming. It made the settlers uneasy. Many of the oldsters could remember back to another day when Sioux war parties roamed the country west of the Black Hills. They kept their rifles ready, but before they had occasion to use them, they were told of the encounter between Sitting Bull's Hunkpapas and the Akicita, Indian camp police, resulting in the old chief's death.

Then, in December of 1890, they heard of the horror of Wounded Knee. When they talked about it, they looked down at the ground as though that was where it belonged — under the dirt. Secretly, however, in their hearts they felt relief, for now, perhaps, the Indian scare would go away. Instead, it got worse.

Raiding parties of Sioux, riding the trail of vengeance, crossed the line into Wyoming and were seen along the Belle Fourche and Cheyenne Rivers. It was enough to frighten the ranchers. One said a couple of his horses were missing; another reported finding a steer butchered on the range. They hustled their families out of their lonely cabins, bringing them into the frontier towns, where blockhouses and stockades had been hastily built for protection.

Some of the tension was reflected in the January 2, 1891, issue of the *Newcastle News-Journal,* the county seat town of Weston County. It said that Mayor John Baird had sent a telegram to Frank W. Mondell at the

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South Dakota Historical Society photo.

Pine Ridge Indian Agency in southwestern South Dakota.

FIGHT IN WYOMING

State Capitol in Cheyenne. It read:

"We need 500 stands of arms and ammunition. The people here are demanding protection. Please see Acting Governor Barber, and have the matter attended to at once."

Meanwhile, Eastern easy marks and bleeding hearts, far from the scene of the impending uprising, were demanding action of another sort. They wanted to transform the savage warrior and hunter into a peaceful scratch farmer overnight. The young sons were to be sent to the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania.

This instant educational program made the veterans of the Indian wars shake their heads. Many of them had been with Crook, Custer and Carrington. They said all that the young bucks would learn would be the white man's vices while losing their native virtues.

At any rate, the controversy did some good. The storm blew itself out. Some of the younger Indians were packed off to Carlisle; the older ones squatted again on the reservation, and the ranchers went back on the range. During the last decade of the nineteenth century, life was once more quiet on the Pine Ridge reservation. The lassitude was broken occasionally with a change of Indian agents, coincidental to which way the political wind in Washington blew.

Some of the ancient chiefs and scarred warriors were still around, such as Red Cloud and a few of his contemporaries. They were wrinkled, brooding old men, living in the past and festering the bleeding scabs of enmity for the white man. They told their young sons and grandsons of their last great hunting grounds in the Powder River country, of a time when the buffalo was as thick as the grass, of rivers without bridges, of primeval forests without stumps before the cutting of cabins and corrals, of a wild, nomadic life ruled only by arrow and lance.

The tender ears listened intently, and the round eyes opened wider. The stories stirred a restlessness within them. They were as hunting dogs on a leash. But their ribs did not show from fighting to get free. Rather, they had grown fat and lazy, spoon-fed by the government under a workless regimen of the white agents. Would it not be wonderful to wander again, to see for themselves the wide west of their fathers beyond the Black Hills?

Many of the Indian agents were doctors of divinity of various church denominations, a practice handed down from the Grant administration's Peace Policy. All were reasonably intelligent and possessed with Christian fellowship. Some of them did a respectable job; others were round pegs in square holes, ignorant and incompetent in the commonweal of Indians, who need more rule of thumb than righteousness. Under such circumstances, it was not too difficult for the would-be warriors, who had picked up a degree in craftiness at Carlisle, to wangle or cajole permission to leave the reservation.

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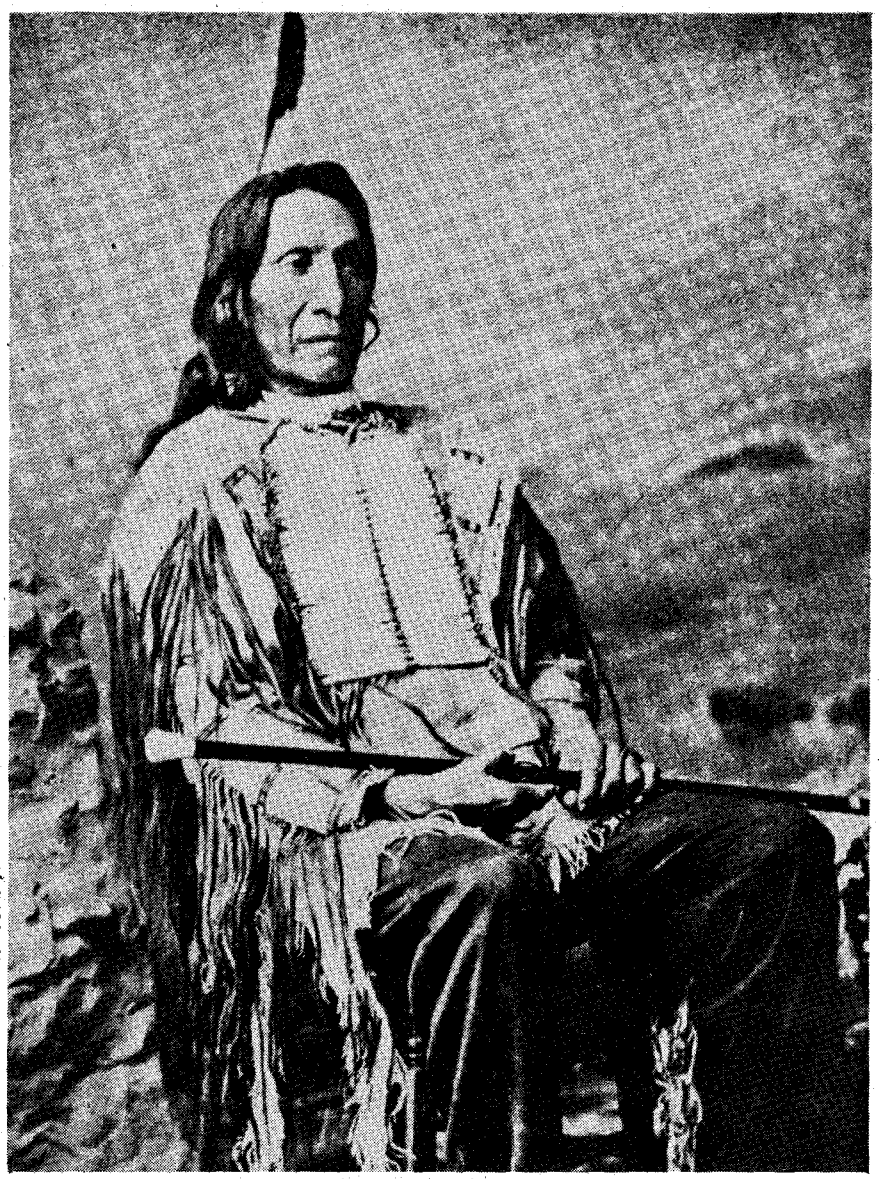

Nebraska State Historical Society.

Red Cloud, Oglala Chief.

They roved in large bands all over eastern Wyoming, sometimes traveling as far as the Wind River country in the central part of the state. Here they would visit their old allies, the Arapahos, and taunt their traditional enemies, the Shoshones. Spreading out to better cover the territory, they often cut a swath 50 miles wide, slaughtering deer, elk, antelope, and whatever other quarry they could flush out. Frequently, several range cows would be mistaken for "wild game." Likewise, a few ranch horses would somehow get rounded up with the Indian ponies and be driven off despite their brands.

Lone ranchers, cowboys, and sheepherders who stumbled upon the young bloods galloping toward them, their throats throbbing with the shuddery whoops of their fathers, headed pell-mell for the home ranch. The forays continued. The white residents were becoming alarmed again. The old fear was returning.

In 1890, Wyoming achieved statehood. Now she had state game laws and statutes to protect freehold ownership and chattel property. But they were white man's laws. They were ignored by the roaming red men from Pine Ridge. The Indians said the federal government's treaties with the Sioux superseded the state's hunting laws, giving them the right to hunt and kill game anywhere; they pointed out that antelope have no brands.

Finally, in 1894, the low threshold of tolerance of some of the citizens around the town of Casper dropped below forbearance. They decided to take a stand.

Soon afterward, Chief Dreaming Bear and the ageless Red Cloud with his son, Jack Red Cloud, were picked up sloping into Wyoming. They were arrested, taken into town, and locked in the local jail. Red Cloud's Bad Face followers came to get him, but they were met by some of the urgently-armed home guardsmen of Casper.

"Come for our chief," said one of the Indians.

"You can have him," came the quick retort. "Soon as you pay for his release."

It was necessary for the Sioux to sell Red Cloud's horses, harness, and wagon to pay for the fines. The one-time mighty chief of the Powder River country never forgot the humiliation. He carried on a running blasphemy of the white man all the way back to Pine Ridge, swearing revenge by the vomit of the owl but he never followed the hunt into his sacred homeland again.

The brush with the law, however, made little impression on his relatives. During the next decade, there were sporadic chases of Indians along Wyoming's eastern border. Frequently they were arrested, and fines were levied following their capture.

By now Frank W. Mondell had matriculated as a Congressman, the only one the stage had. He kept jerking the lanyard on William A. Jones, cannonading the Commissioner of Indian Affairs with a steady drumfire to keep the runaways on the reservation. On March 21, 1901, the *Newcastle News-Journal* complimented him for his good work, but four months later the paper carried this news item: "... pesky redskins under Chief Stinking Bear ... again on their way up Main Beaver Creek ... killing and running the game out of the country."

That fall, Sheriff Bill Miller rounded up High Dog for the second time. Apparently the Indians had been slaughtering livestock as well as game. They could not raise enough money from the sale of their ponies to pay their fines of $10 each and costs. The sheriff had to send the following telegram to the Indian agent at Pine Ridge:

"Have High Dog, Bad Heart Bull, No Fat, and six other Indians in custody here (Newcastle) for violation of game laws. Send $90 for steers."

When High Dog and his party returned to the reservation after their arrest, Congressman Mondell blasted Commissioner Jones with another letter. He alleged that officials not only failed to impress upon the Indians that they had been legally fined for violating Wyoming's laws, but had actually been encouraged to believe that their apprehension was unwarranted.

"Upon their return to Pine Ridge," he complained bitterly, "they were welcomed back with a display as might have been given to returning heroes."

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"We have no authority to keep the Indians on the reservation against their will," the commissioner explained. "The remedy lies in your hands. If the Indians violated your laws, they should be arrested and tried therefor."

It seemed to Mondell that the Indian Bureau was giving him a fast shuffle, and that they put him down as a "vote viper."

Sheriff Bill Miller was also getting a reputation he did not especially like — that of an Indian baiter. He was not yet 41, but he knew the old West from 25 years of hard knocks. Now in his third two-year term in office, he was a steady family man with a wife and four children. He was known to be a good shot, but not at all squeezy on the trigger.

Having been around Indians most of his life, he knew and understood them. Many of them were his friends, and they, in turn, respected him. Often he went beyond the letter of the law to deal with them honestly. In the line of duty, he had picked up poachers and pilferers on numerous occasions. He had turned them over to the authorities, saw that they were given a fair trial, and gave them a square meal before starting them back to the reservation. There never was any serious trouble, and he was able to handle them peaceably.

But this new breed was beyond him. What hurt so much was that many were the sons of his old friends. They even talked another language that he did not savvy at all; stuff about prejudicial something or other, equal rights, and constitutional horse apples. What was that? Hell, he hardly heard of 'em before. If a man was a man, that was all that mattered. You did not care if he was white or red, black, green, or purple. That was why he could not understand why they hated him so. But he was the law, and he was a white man, and Red Cloud and the other old chiefs had planted their poison deep.

One of the younger disciples of the "new frontier" was a half-breed by the name of Eagle Feather, also known by the Anglo appellation of Charley Smith. He was especially incensed when he heard of the High Dog Affair, and he heaped all of the blame on the sheriff's shoulders.

A short time later, he and several of his companions stopped at a windmill on the OS ranch of Walter Sellers. The rancher was driving a bunch of skinny stuff out of a draw, hoping to get them to drink on some weight, when he saw them and rode over. He noticed a number of antelope tied behind their saddles, still dripping fresh blood down the flanks of their mustangs.

"Pretty risky, ain't it?" asked Sellers. "Killing antelope. You *could* be arrested."

"I'll kill antelope if I want to," muttered Eagle Feather sullenly.

"What if Sheriff Miller catches you?"

"I'll kill him, too!"

Later, Walt Sellers warned the sheriff.

"You'd better look out for Eagle Feather, Billy, or Charley Smith as he likes to call himself. He's out to get you."

"I've never had any trouble," Miller insisted, wont to run on his record of law and order. "And I don't want none now."

Sellers pushed back his big hat, brushing the sweatlocks from his forehead with the back of his wrist.

"Trouble's kinder like a note at the bank. She comes around when you least expect it. Just thought I'd let you know." His roundhouse smile got him out of many a scrape, and he used it again now. "We're too busy breakin' horses to break in a new sheriff should you turn toes up."

Bill Miller had found little levity in his job; his work was his life, and he was mostly an unsmiling man.

"I appreciate your telling me," he murmured gravely. "But it can only go two ways ... better or worse."

It got worse. The agent at Pine Ridge continued to issue "travel permits," and the Sioux kept up their illicit hunting trips. Late in October of 1903, they made a sortie into Weston County again. The people and the press were up in arms.

Sheriff Bill Miller deputized a small posse of nine men. Armed with rifles and warrants, they headed out southwest of town. Near Lance Creek, they caught up with the Indians, about a dozen in all, including the women. They were arrested without incident and sent back to Newcastle in custody of three of the deputies. Miller and his six remaining possemen rode on to Thunder Basin, where another band had been reported. Upon arriving there, they learned that the Indians had moved farther south.

They followed the trail for a week. On the Dry Fork of the Cheyenne River, the search was over. They found the Indians camped around several dilapidated wagons. There were 23 bucks and 40 squaws and papooses in the party. They were under the generalship of Eagle Feather and William Brown. The latter was also a half-blood, retaining only the name of his paleface father.

At noon the posse rode into the camp. Miller recognized Brown's squaw. She knew the sheriff and had always been friendly toward him.

"Howdy," she said, looking up from stirring the contents of a black kettle that hung over the fire.

Miller returned the greeting and looked around. "Where are your men?"

"They hunt. Sit down. Eat."

Soon after they had eaten, Eagle Feather rode into camp. An antelope was slung from behind the cantle. The animal was still bleeding where its head had been cut off. Sheriff Miller read his warrant. Eagle Feather listened abstractly and

Mary Richardson Photo.

Nine Indians held for trial in Douglas, Wyoming on a charge of murder.

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huffed his umbrage.

"I *can* read. I was educated at Carlisle."

He slid from his pony's back, his furtive gaze searching for something.

"Wait for Mister Brown," he told the posse, prefixing his lieutenant's name with some of the white man's culture.

By midafternoon Mister Brown and his comrades returned, yelling as they loped up. The Indians immediately withdrew a short distance away to parley among themselves. Presently Eagle Feather flounced back with their decision.

"Mister Brown agrees," he announced. "We haven't killed antelope. Traded moccasins and beaded belt to sheepherder for him."

Sheriff Miller was taken somewhat aback. He knew the half-breed was lying, but he could not prove it. The other odds against him were that they were badly outnumbered. The Indians were armed, and they appeared to be itching for a showdown. He remembered the advice of his friend, Walt Sellers, that trouble "was like a note at the bank." This was no time to make a mistake. He decided it might be well to modify President Roosevelt's maxim to speak softly and forget the big stick.

"That being the case," he assured them, "you have nothing to fear. But I have a warrant for your arrest. Why don't you and your people come to Newcastle with us so we can get this straightened out?"

The suggestion seemed to rub Eagle Feather the wrong way. He bit down hard until his brown jaw muscles bulged white.

"I know the law!" he flared. "I'm *not* a blanket Indian. I'm better educated than *you* are. I'm a Carlisle alumnus."

Miller nodded patiently. He realized the half-breed was probably right. The sheriff never had much time for formal schooling and book learning, but he was smart enough to hold his peace now as Eagle Feather worked out his rage with a final threat.

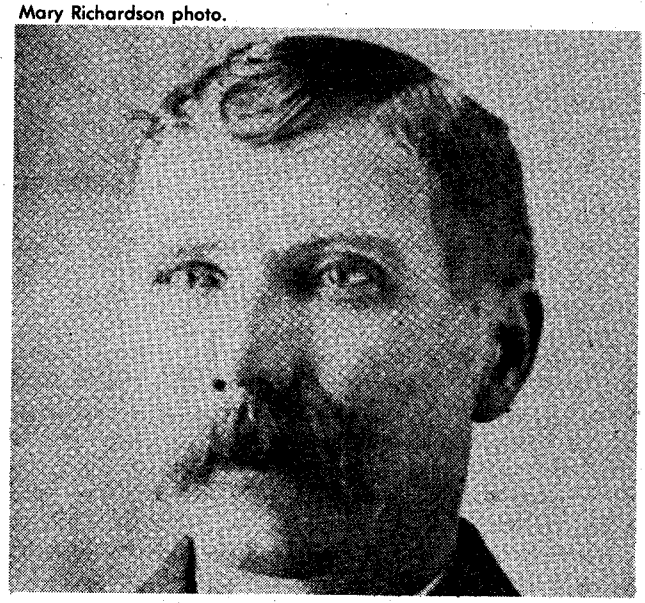
"If you want trouble, we give it!"

The lawman sighed wearily, idly fingered his star, and uttered his oft-repeated policy.

"I don't want any trouble, Charley. I just have to do my job."

Eagle Feather was done with talk. He spun around on his heel. He spoke some Siouan, and his people started hitching up their teams. With the squaws driving, the wagons began stringing out along the road, but not in the right direction. The sheriff grabbed the saddlehorn and spurred

Mary Richardson photo.



Sheriff Bill Miller of Weston County, Wyoming.

his horse alongside Eagle Feather.

"You're going the wrong way," he pointed out. "Head north — to Newcastle."

The Sioux leader wheeled his pony around with a cry. His voice rose. He wanted his people to hear him; he wanted them to see that he was not afraid of the white man and his law.

"Damn' you! By God, I don't live in Newcastle. We're not going there."

Seeing the situation was hopeless, Miller rode over and tried his luck with William Brown, who seemed to share the joint chieftainship. He was friendly enough, saying he would go to Newcastle if his co-leader agreed. Eagle Feather, however, flatly refused.

A young Indian reached down, scooped up a handful of dirt from the dusty road, and threw it into the air. The squaws began tom-toming their feet, chanting a weird cadence. The next thing the posse knew, they were looking into the muzzles of 23 rifles. They were completely surrounded. One false move, a nervous reaction, or the wrong word could have precipitated a massacre.

Bill Miller kept his head. By remaining calm, he maneuvered his men out of the ring of rifles and away from the first threat of danger. He instructed two of the deputies to stay on the trail of the Indians while he and the remaining four men rode for reinforcements.

Darkness overtook them at the Fiddleback ranch, and they stayed there overnight. The next morning, October 31, the sheriff deputized six more men in the bunkhouse. Among them was Johnny Owens, a former Weston County peace officer, who was well known around Fort Laramie and Chugwater. He had a reputation for handling Indians and rustlers and bad men.

The augmented posse rode steadily until well past midday when they stopped to eat. They had only swallowed a few mouthfuls of hardtack and jerky when the two deputies, who had been following the Indians, came riding up on baked horses. They said the Sioux were only about a mile and a half away.

"They're headin' right this way!" one of them yelled excitedly.

"We'll light out and meet 'em," said Miller. "Maybe we can surprise them and avoid trouble."

Cinches were tightened, and they stepped into the saddles. Johnny Owens rode up front with the sheriff. Coming up over a rise, he saw the ragtag band first and pointed them out.

"There's your lawbreakers, Sheriff. What'll we do now?"

They got their answer sooner than they expected. The Indians saw them at about the same time, and they quickly dismounted. A harmless popping of firearms broke out. At the first rattle of gunfire, Mister Brown took to his moccasins and lived to fight another day, but then it was all done on paper, giving various versions to newspaper Sunday supplements up until the time he was nearly 90.

"Let him go!" the sheriff shouted. "Take cover."

The posse sprawled in the dry bed of Lightning Creek. Miller stationed his men behind protective places of the embankment, giving them his final instructions.

"No shooting, now, till I give the word."

He and Owens then climbed up the bank. The sheriff's star glinted in the sun. He held up his hand, calling out to the Indians to surrender. There

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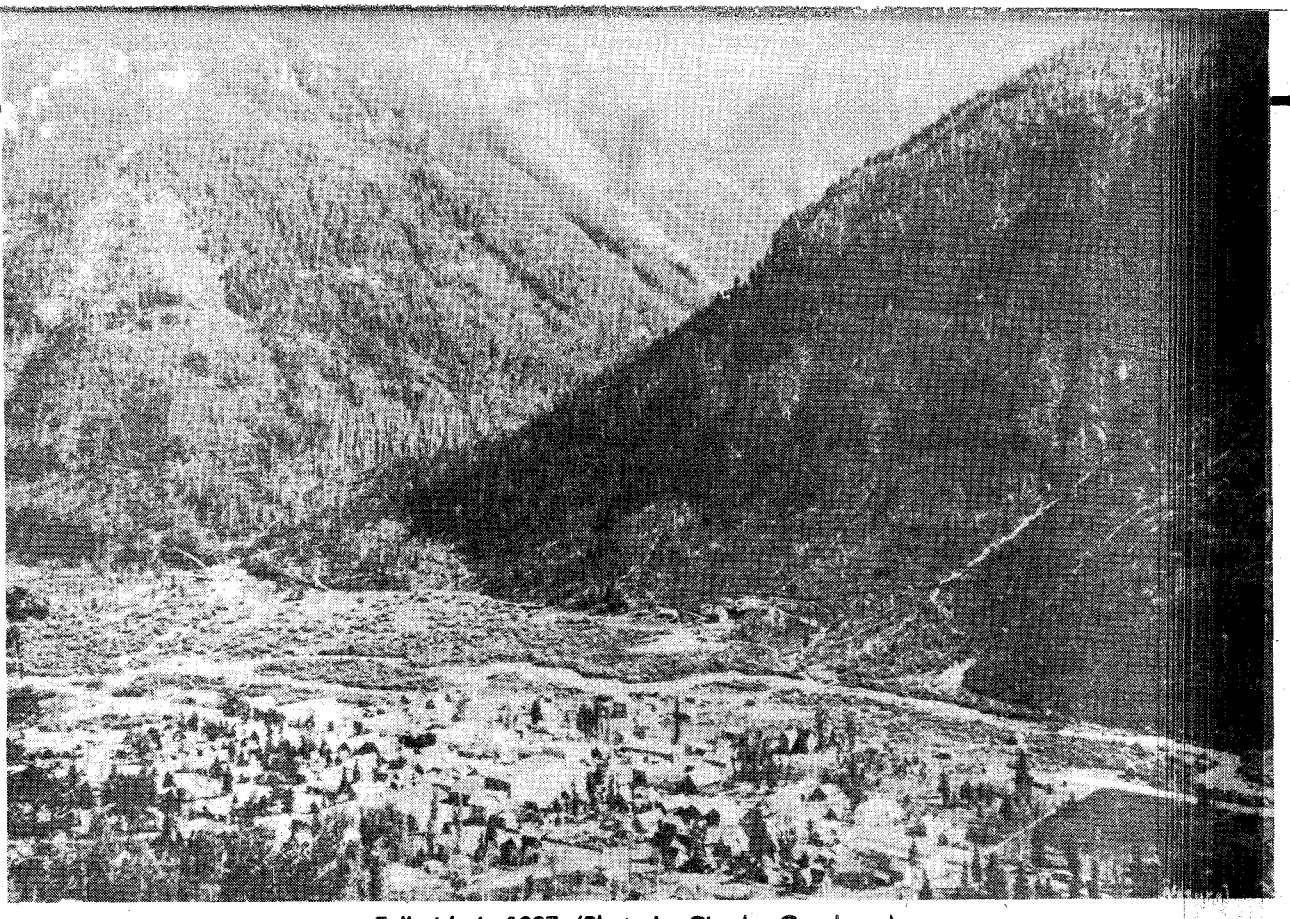

Library, the State Historical Society of Colo.

Telluride in 1887. (Photo by Charles Goodman).

FLIGHT FROM CONGRESS

by Charles Pattison as told to L. Pickering.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sound of shots echoed down the street, then the pounding of horses's hooves, and a lot of whooping and hollering. I ran to the door of the shop to see the excitement. Grabbing the arm of a passing miner, I asked, "What's happening, what's happening?"

He looked at me blankly. Obviously his mind was far way. "Oh, a new strike at Telluride." Before I could ask him anything else, he jerked away. Hurrying to a fully packed burro tied to the rack, he unhitched the beast, tugged on the lead rope and was gone. More and more men joined the crowd pushing down the pass. I wondered where they all came from. In the distance they could be seen scrambling along the side of the mountain. They seemed to be following a trail of some kind, though it couldn't be seen from where I stood.

This was the scene in Congress, a town on Red Mountain in San Juan County, Colorado, in 1883. Congress had grown up as the supply point for the miners on Red Mountain. It had become so important that it had its own post office. Now a new strike at Telluride was draining all the population away. Everyone was leaving. The mines around San Juan Pass were petering out, so when the news came of the strike at Telluride, most of the miners left right away. Daily, the population of Congress declined. With the miners gone, the demand for supplies and entertainment was gone, too. So the storekeepers, the saloonkeepers, and the gamblers packed up and followed the miners. Furthermore, as lumber was scarce in the mountains, the buildings were taken along on the trip. Within a week the post office and the printing shop were the only two buildings left in Congress. I was the publisher of *The Red Mountain Pilot*, official newspaper of the town. As the official paper, I had to stay until all legal notices had been run.

My being in Congress happened like this: I was visiting my father, who was an official in San Juan County, Colorado. It was in 1883 and a strike had brought hundreds of miners to Red Mountain. Under the mining laws, after $500 worth of work was done on a claim, it was necessary to insert a legal notice of the claim in a newspaper of general circulation. The notice had to run for three months. Seeing a chance to make some money, I leased a newspaper plant and put out a paper. For several months I was quite busy. Then things began to drag. The mines weren't panning out too good, and that meant no notices were put in the paper. Thus when the news of Telluride came in, everyone was ready to leave.

Everyone but the postmaster, Jim Edwards, and myself. He had to stay to deliver the mail; about 50 copies of my newspaper. And I had to stay so the notices of the mining claims could run the required length of time. He helped me make up the newspaper, and I helped him deliver the mail.

Finally the day came when my last legal notice was published. I was free to go. "Come on, Jim, let's go."

But Jim couldn't leave yet. "Stay a while longer with me. My salary still has a month to run. Stay with me, and I'll divide it with you."

"Nope, I'm done. I'm leaving."

"Well, all right. I'll lock up the post office and come, too." With that he turned the key in the lock of the post office. I bolted the door of the newspaper shop, and we walked out of town.

Congress had adjourned. ●RW

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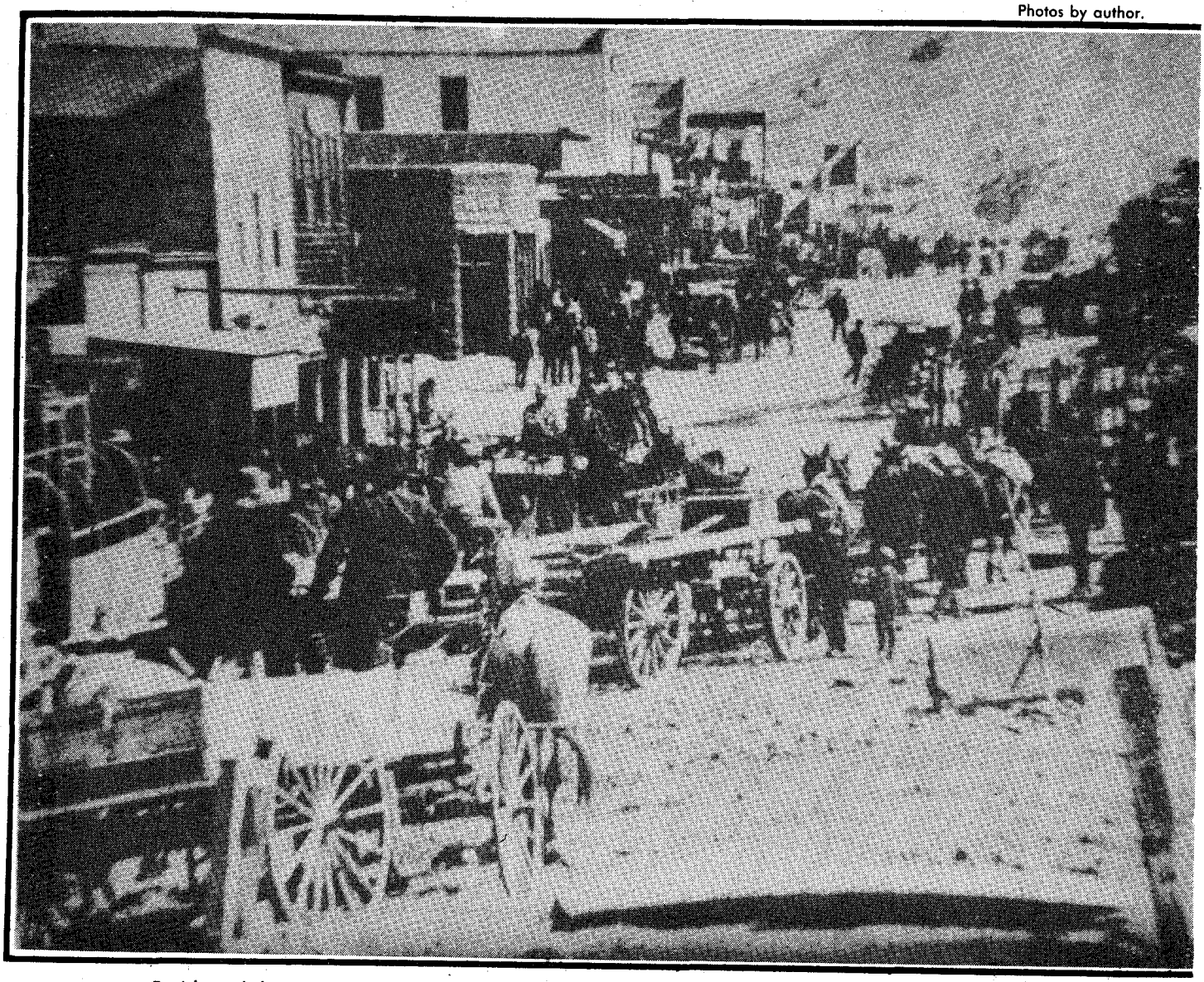
Photos by author.



Residents left in droves when the mines dried out, leaving behind a ghost town in the 1870's.

TRUCKEE
After The Donner Tragedy

by Sam Bloom

In 1846, tragedy struck the Donner Party as they crossed California's high Sierras in an unseasonal blizzard. By 1860 Truckee, California, near the site of the tragic happening, was a raucous, riotous town described by one historian as "one of the liveliest towns in the west!"

Truckee, California, was a gut-bellied town in the '60s. Raucous, loud, gunslinging hoodlums swaggered along with their hands resting on six-shooters, challenging anyone who dared to interfere with their way of life. For them, the town was a useful stopover place for a cup of coffee, a glass of beer, or a short stay around the corner to the red lights of Jibboom Street, the main attraction of free-spending badmen everywhere. The bar women were just as attractive as any in the plush crystal bars along Virginia City's C Street.

Ever since the fall of 1846, when tragedy struck the Donner Party as they crossed California's high Sierras in unseasonal blizzard and heavy snow, the residents of Truckee tried unsuccessfully to erase the stigma of that calamity. It had been a black day in history's chronological calendar of events.

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As time passed, however, the ill-fated happenings of that day were swept away in a maelstrom of day - to - day survival.

A little more than a decade after the cries for help were permanently stilled, Truckee became a busy thoroughfare. Even historian Bancroft took notice of it, calling Truckee "one of the liveliest towns in the west."

For Truckee became the crossroads for the '49ers, once on their way over the Donner Party mountain pass to the Mother Lode in California, and then when they backtracked to the Comstock Lode in Virginia City, Nevada.

Truckee was a patchwork settlement, shut off from the rest of California by the natural barrier of the high Sierras five miles to the west, and dry, arid Nevada desert to the east. The inhabitants weren't exactly sure if they were Californians or Nevadans. Not that it mattered much, because they did all their trading in Nevada, only twenty-one miles to the east. As far as they were concerned, the government might just as well have made it legal and moved the Nevada State Line twenty-one miles due west.

When the miners streaked down the hills, they choked up traffic for miles around. And when you add the freight and passenger service from San Francisco Bay through to Virginia City, by way of the six-horse Concord stages — twenty to thirty freight wagons streamed over the mountain pass to Truckee — it had to be the noisiest and most exciting town in the West.

One wagon, lingering awhile on the main street, tied that steady stream up in knots. Author Dan De Quille wrote, "... traffic would back up end to end, making it look like half the teams in California were lined up into one huge caravan."

A Coburns Stage Station was built right in the middle of Main Street, in advance of the railroad, adding to the chaos. This stage station was the forerunner of the railroad stop set up a few years later. And it proved to be the reason for Truckee's existence!

In the hectic '60s, events followed one another so rapidly that 'Old Man Cassidy', one of the oldest of the inhabitants, remarked, "We ole 'uns cain't take time out to draw a deep breath."

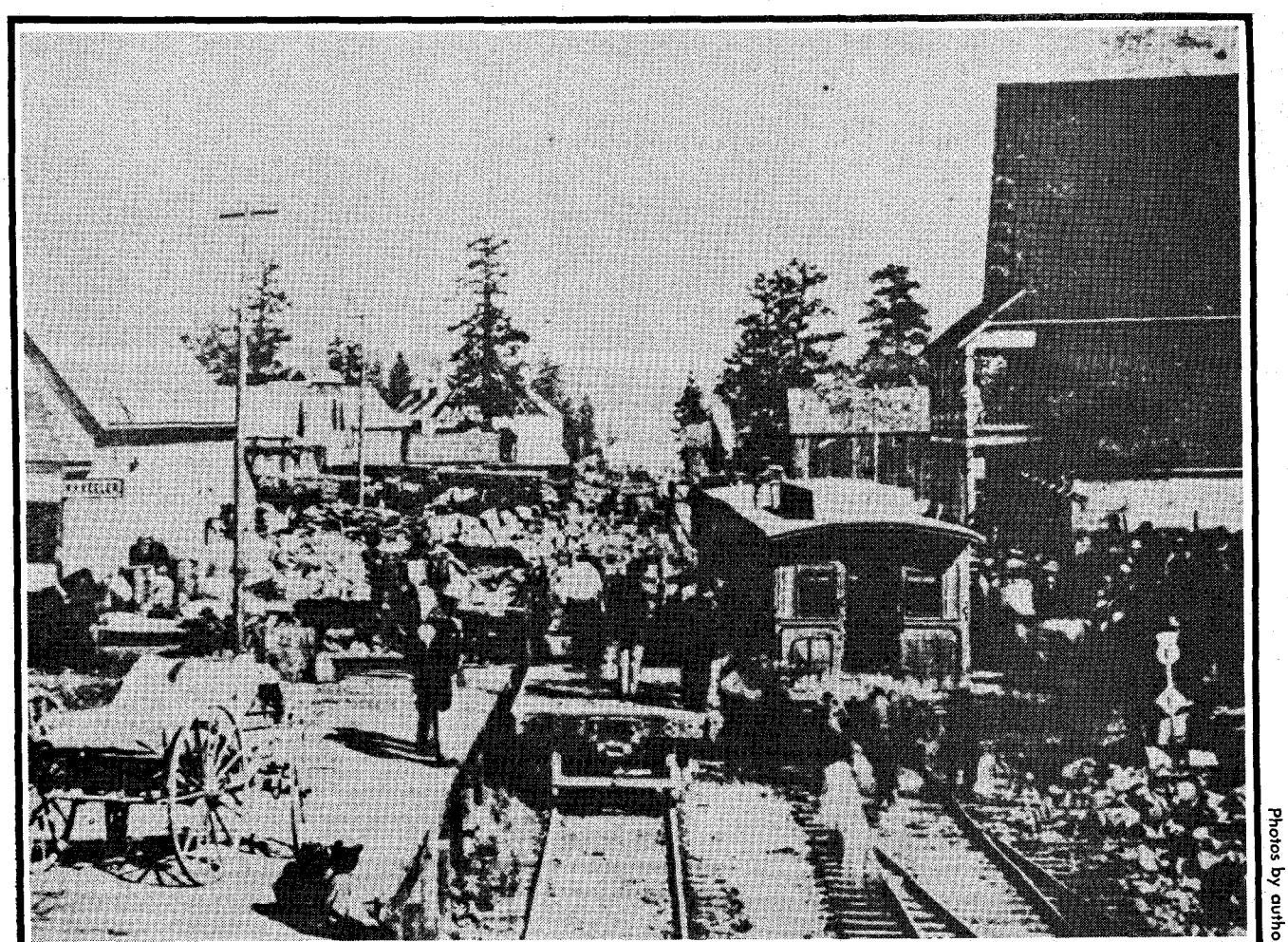
A fire broke out one summer in July. It hadn't rained for weeks, and everything was like tinder. There were so many fires in its early years, it was said the town was built on a piles of ashes.

Fortunately, fifteen or so lumber mills escaped the fire. In that same autumn, three hundred new buildings sprang up, with a new Central (later named Southern Pacific) roundhouse, a theater with a permanent stock company, and a new name change: from Coburns to Truckee — named after a Paiute Indian scout.

But somehow, it never did match the elegance of Lake Tahoe, only ten miles to the east. Compared to its neighbors, Truckee was like a listing, battle-scarred ship trying to right itself.

That was also the beginning of Truckee's growing pains. It never did get itself straightened out!

No one took Truckee seriously. Only a sawmill - railroad town, it lacked the excitement of a gold-mining fever town — where one day you're broke, and the next day you'll get lucky and pan a few yellow grains. But whatever was said of Truckee, no one could accuse it of being dull.



Photos by author.

By 1869 Truckee had become a booming railroad town.

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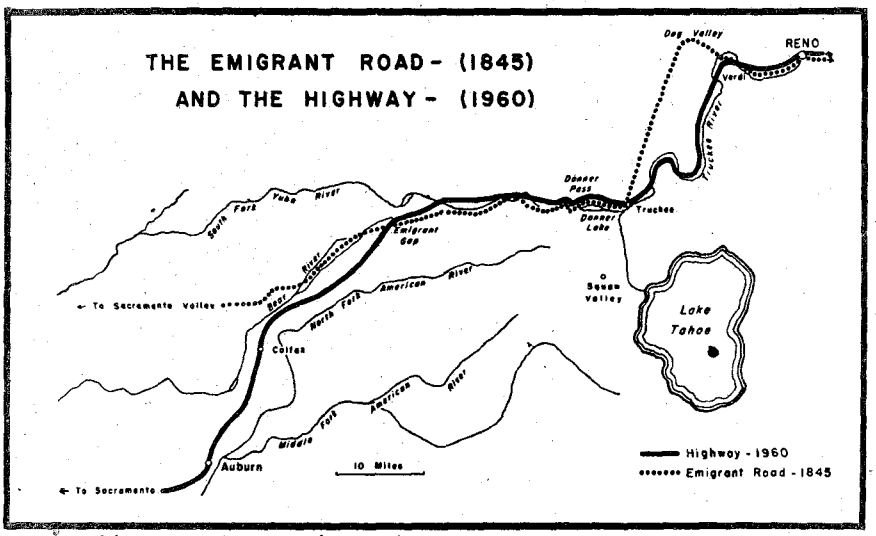


Something was always going on in this growing community of 3000. Things got so rough in the late '60s, a vigilante committee was formed, same as they had out at Virginia City, where they hung up two bad characters who refused to leave the Comstock Lode.

The threats of the vigilantes, called the 601, scared the daylights out of most of the hoodlums. But it had no effect on Carrie Smith and her boyfriend, a desperado named Bob Mellen.

The vigilantes flew small red ribbons over the Front Street awning posts as a warning to them.

Carrie promptly defied them, sarcastically saying, "Why don't you come and get us? We'll be over at Hayward's place in the alley. I warn you; you'll have to shoot down forty men, armed to the teeth."

Bob Mellen added, "If you get me, I'll take a dozen dead vigilantes along with me."

Twenty-five committee men, all Front Street businessmen, together with D.B. Frink, editor of the Truckee *Republican* and leader of the reform group, met at midnight in the back room of the newspaper office and decided to take action. They were all armed, each wearing a black mask; even their coats were turned inside out to avoid identification.

Filing out silently, they made their way to Hayward's alley. Four men guarded the rear, while the others crashed through the front door, getting the drop on Hayward.

One of the men said sharply, "We know Carrie and her men are here. Take us to them and be quick about it."

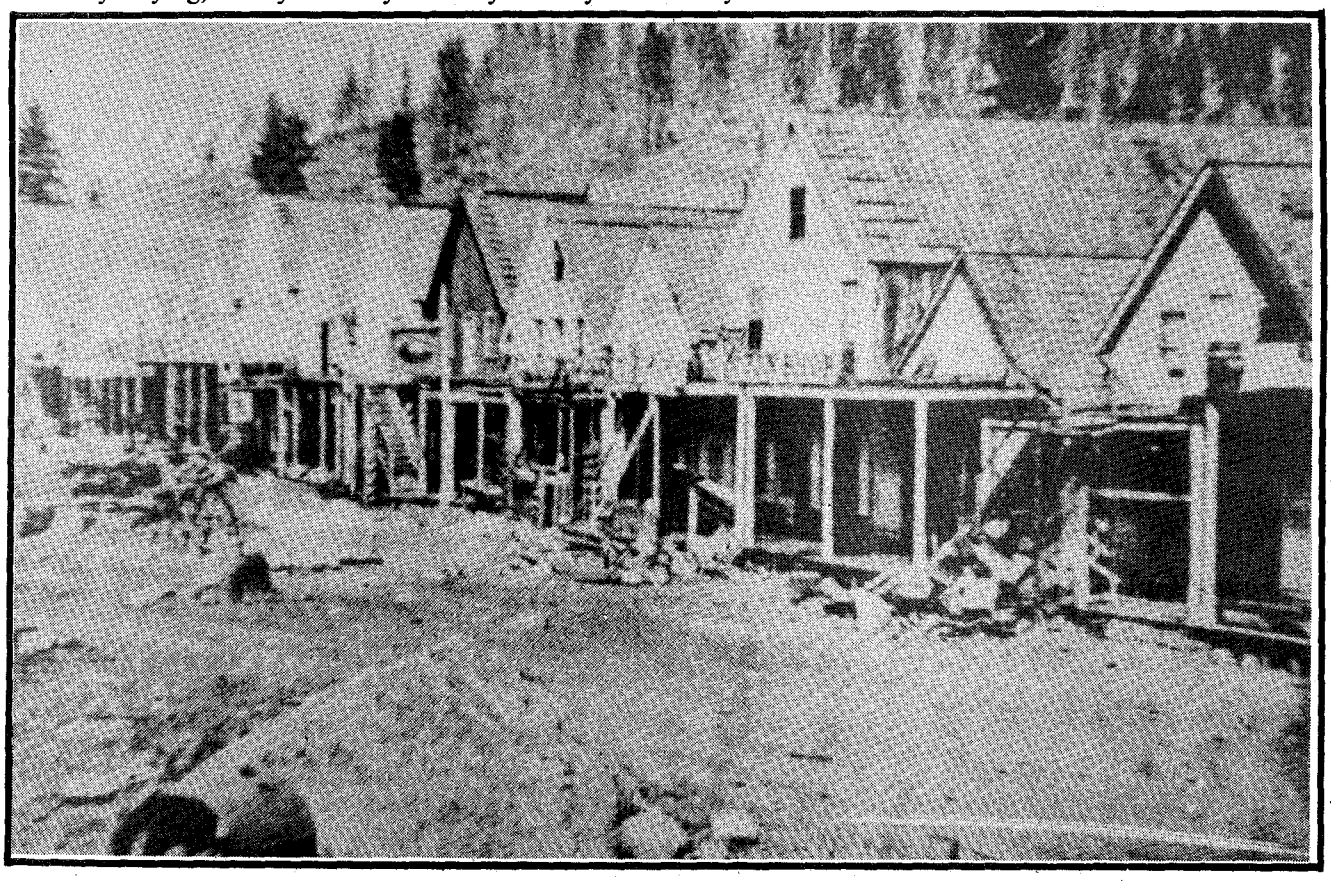
Hayward, carrying a lantern, nervously led them through a narrow hallway leading to the stairs, when he suddenly stopped short. They all stared into the muzzle of a gun sticking out through a crack in the back door.

The vigilantes didn't wait to check further, blasting away at the door. Hayward was shot dead in the crossfire. The shooting stopped as suddenly as it began. The vigilantes rushed upstairs, bringing down with them a scared Carrie, Mellen and several sheepish-looking henchmen.

But when they opened the back door, they saw three of their own men bending over a fourth. When his mask was removed, it was that of D.B. Frink. He was fatally shot, a bullet hole in the center of his forehead. He had thought all along he was shooting it out with Carrie's men.

Bancroft called it, "a night of terror, a night not easily forgotten."

And now, time was running out for the miners in the last of the great bonanzas. Indeed, they were leaving Nevada's Comstock Lode in droves. Like the Mother Lode on the other



Photos by author.

Truckee in 1870, showing depletion of timber in background.

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Photos by author.

The Murphy cabin was built by utilizing this rock for one side, forming a kind of natural fireplace. The plaque gives the names of the members of the Donner Party.

side of the barrier, it was fast becoming a ghost town.

Left high and dry, still isolated from California by the high Sierras and the wide, barren desert of Nevada, Truckee would probably have shared the same fate, but for one important thing: the railroad. The hardened dirt road through town was rapidly becoming covered with loose gravel. The forests of fir and evergreen were being depleted. Yet Truckee wouldn't stay dead.

Indeed, no sooner were railroad tracks laid than Truckee again gained national notoriety. You would think that having the disastrous Donner Party on its doorstep would be enough to put any town on the map.

It would have preferred to forget this one, however. It shook the entire west in the '70s and echoed all the way back east.

On the night of November 4, the Central Pacific Train #1 worked its way downgrade to Truckee. Slowing for a passing switch at Verdi, seven masked men suddenly boarded the train at predetermined points. Holding Wells Fargo messenger Marshall at gunpoint, they coolly made off with $41,000 in gold. This was the Great Verdi Car Robbery,' the first armed train robbery in the west. It made headlines in every newspaper. It paved the way for the Jameses, the Daltons and the rest of that scurvy bunch.

It was C.F. McGlashan, editor of the Truckee *Republican,* in the late '70s, who decided to erase the first ten nightmare years of Truckee's existence and give it a respectable past and future. If Lake Tahoe could do it (only ten miles away), why can't he do the same for Donner Lake and Truckee?

Photos by author.

Illustrated drawing of Carrie Smith, in saloon in the midst of the red lights of Jibboom Street — Truckee, California, in the 1860's.

He revived the Donner story, giving the skiers who come annually to the frozen lake a background they would not soon forget.

He wrote, *The History of the Donner Party,* in serial form, completed it in 1879, then revised it into a book. In one dramatic swish of his pen he brought into sharp focus the pre-gold rush days of Truckee.

An immense monument stands at the eastern end of Donner Lake, at the very site where 'Uncle Patrick' Breen's cabin was snowbound over a century ago, and where he wrote this gruesome story in his diary:

"Milton got back last night from Donner's camp. Sad news. Jacob Donner, Samuel Shoemaker, and Smith are dead. The rest of them in a low situation ... snowed all night, with a strong northwest wind."

Beyond this point, hidden from view by the tamaracks, a huge boulder marks the sight of Murphy's cabin, where in the early snow of 1846-1847 the emigrant children froze, starved and died.

(continued on page 59)

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THE LINCOLN

Back in 1870, the Territory of New Mexico seethed with violence. One of the bloodiest events was the feud between the Tunstall - - McSween - Murphy factions that began in 1876 and involved nearly everyone in this 27,000 - square - mile piece of rich grazing land. Outlaws from Texas swarmed here, and gunslingers like Billy the Kid were on both sides.

New Mexico Department of Development.

The site of the home of Alexander McSween in Lincoln, New Mexico where the three-day battle took place, in 1878.

New Mexico's controversial and bloody Lincoln County War was a deeply rooted feud which arose from cattle rustling, rivalry for choice pastures, competition between country storekeepers, litigation over the settling of an estate, and meddling by unscrupulous politicians who sought to use the Tunstall - McSween - Murphy feud for their own ends. This bloody war, which greatly slowed New Mexico's growth and political development, began in 1876 and involved many prominent cattlemen and politicians. The Territorial officials took no real measures to stop the bloodshed until President Rutherford B. Hayes appointed General Lew Wallace governor of the Territory in 1878.

Lincoln County in the '70's covered 27,000 square miles of rich grazing land untouched by the railroad, the barbed-wire fence or effective law 'n order. Most of it was in the public domain. Cattlemen flocked to the fine free grass. So did the badmen Texas was driving out — rustlers, gamblers, thieves and murderers. Southeastern New Mexico became the last outpost for the honest settler and the gunslinger at the same moment in time.

The trouble started in the summer of 1876. The nesters and small cowmen charged that John S. Chisum, often called "The Cattle King of New Mexico," was taking over the great pecos Valley range. They said his vast herds, up from Texas, were running off their stock. Chisum, in turn, accused the independents of cattle rustling. In a short time the simmering conflict burst into a broader fight, with control of the territorial county seat at stake as the winner's prize.

After the Navahos left Bosque Redondo, John Chisum moved in, took squatters' rights and homestead right

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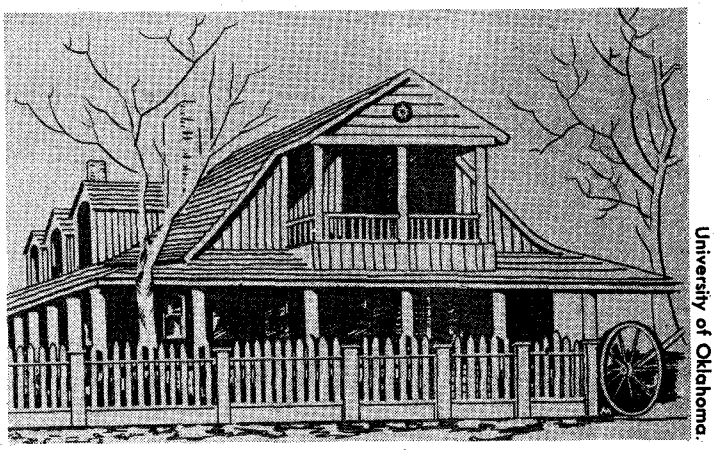
COUNTY WAR

by Cy Martin

along the Pecos, and was running 100,000 head of animals on a range which reached from Fort Sumner (the abandoned post at the Bosque) 200 miles south of the Texas border. Rustlers hired by Major L.G. Murphy, a store and saloon keeper at dusty Lincoln, off to the west, began raiding his herd, or so Chisum believed. Their vendetta, heated by political and economic rivalries, ballooned into the Lincoln County War and made a folk-hero out of an unprepossessing, moronic little assassin called Billy the Kid.

With few exceptions, the appointed officials of New Mexico and Arizona were political hacks who served without distinction. General Wallace, the best known, devoted most of his time at Santa Fe to writing his monumental book, *Ben-Hur*. the outstanding feature of Governor William A. Pile's administration from 1869 to 1871 was his sale of the Spanish Santa Fe archives as waste paper. Throughout most of its territorial days, New Mexico remained under the control of a political group known as the "Santa Fe Ring." Their influence continued even after the region became a state in 1912.

When the battle lines in Lincoln finally were drawn, there were on one side, Major L.G. Murphy and J.J. Dolan, backed by United States Attorney Thomas B. Catron and the "Santa Fe Ring"; on the other side were positioned Alexander A. McSween and his British partner, John H. Tunstall, who were backed by Chisum. The sprawling Murphy & Dolan mercantile and banking operation dominated Lincoln until McSween and Tunstall set up the only rival enterprise.



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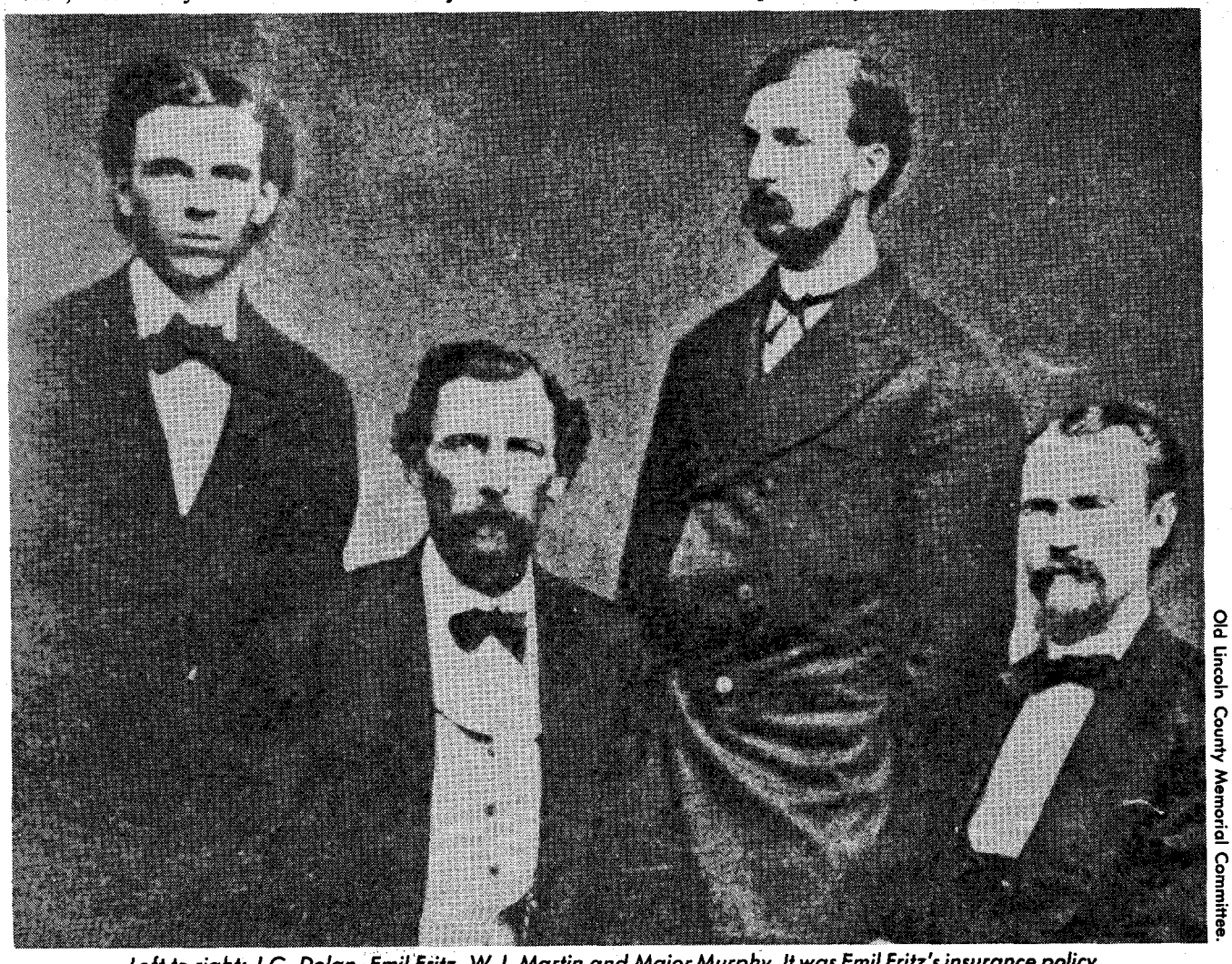
The home of Pete Maxwell as drawn by Walter Miles. This is the house where Billy the Kid was shot to death.



Old Lincoln County Memorial Committee.

Left to right: J.G. Dolan, Emil Fritz, W.J. Martin and Major Murphy. It was Emil Fritz's insurance policy which helped start the real trouble in the Lincoln County War.

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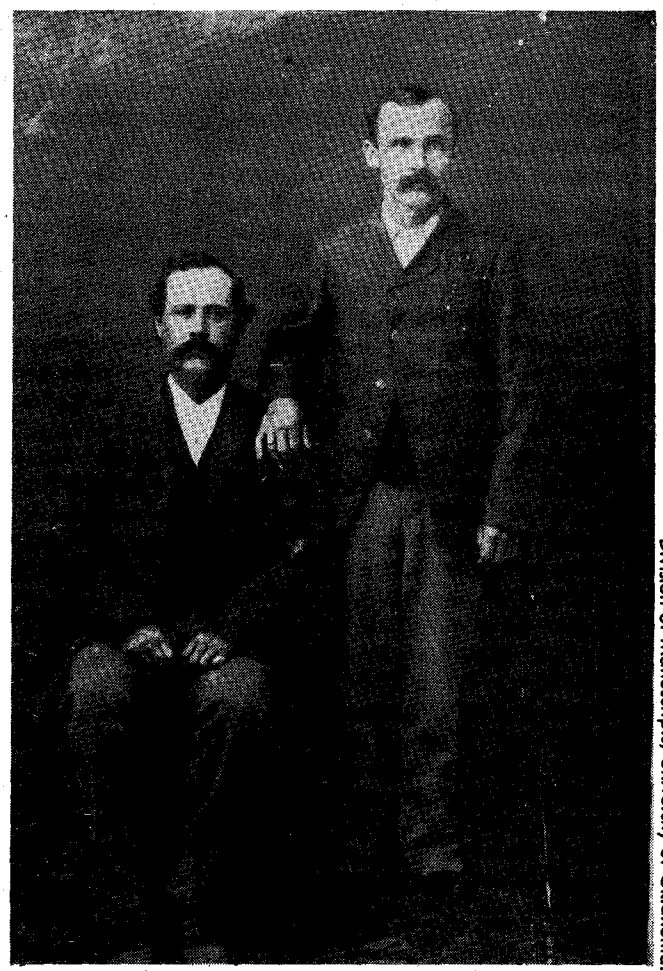
Charlie Bowdre and his wife, in 1877. Bowdre led the defenders in the fight at McSween's house.



Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma.

Pete Maxwell, left and Henry Leis, right.

L.G. Murphy & Co. were forced to evacuate their store building at Fort Stanton in 1869, at which time they sold it to the government. Secretary of War Belnap's order to "keep them off the reservation" was enforced, and Murphy headquarters were transferred to Lincoln. Englishman John H. Tunstall was attracted by the rich grasslands, and he established a general store and acquired a large ranch in the area. In January of 1879 this heterogenous population was organized into Lincoln County. Lincoln became the seat of government, and local county officers were chosen. Among the most important were L.G. Murphy as probate judge and William Brady, his friend and supporter, as sheriff. Thus the stage was finally set for the enduring, ever popular tragedy.

Billy the Kid alternately hired out to each side, since the deeper implications of the struggle had no real meaning for him. He came in with the Murphy - Dolan forces, recruited by Jesse Evans, Jim McDaniels, Billy Morton, and Frank Baker — the "Seven Rivers Warriors." They used to raid Chisum's Jingle-Bob brand for the beef Murphy needed to furnish the Indians under the fat government contracts he held through his political connections.

The first real violence came early in 1878 with the killing of the unarmed young English-born ranchman - merchant, John Tunstall, by trigger - happy, drunken members of a deputy sheriff's posse. The posse included at least four known outlaws who were more interested in killing than in carrying out the law. One of those with Tunstall when he was slain was Billy the Kid, a buck-toothed boy, slight of build and about 19 years old. Already a fugitive, Billy was working for Tunstall for a short time as a range hand. Tunstall gave him a good horse, a saddle and a new gun. Billy was not too quick to learn, but he seemed to take pride in his work.

The actual cause of this killing was a dispute over a life insurance policy. The dispute started when one of Major Murphy's former partners, Colonel Emil Fritz, died leaving a valid $10,000 life insurance policy on a New York company. A.A. McSween, a young Kansas laywer living in Lincoln, went to New York, successfully cashed in the policy, and with a portion of the money paid some of Fritz' debts in Santa Fe.

Upon his return to Lincoln, McSween refused to turn the remainder of the money over to the legal heirs. Fritz, at the time of his death, owed money to Murphy's friend, J. J. Dolan, who sought to collect it from McSween. Upon his refusal, Murphy — who, after all, was probate judge — charged McSween with embezzlement. The real complicating factor was that McSween was also a partner in the rival store run by the Englishman Tunstall, often nicely described as "an Englishman of some means."

In an effort to force McSween to deliver the estate money, Dolan and Murphy, aided by their friend, Sheriff William Brady, attempted to attach Tunstall's store and his ranch. Since McSween was his partner, Tunstall was legally liable for the lawyer's obligations. Attachment would also serve the purpose of closing down the competition to Murphy's store.

On February 18, 1878, Brady and posse shot and killed the Englishman. The incident became a feud when the Deputy United States Marshal at Lincoln, Robert A. Wildermann, chose to side with McSween and refused to let Sheriff Brady attach Tunstall's property.

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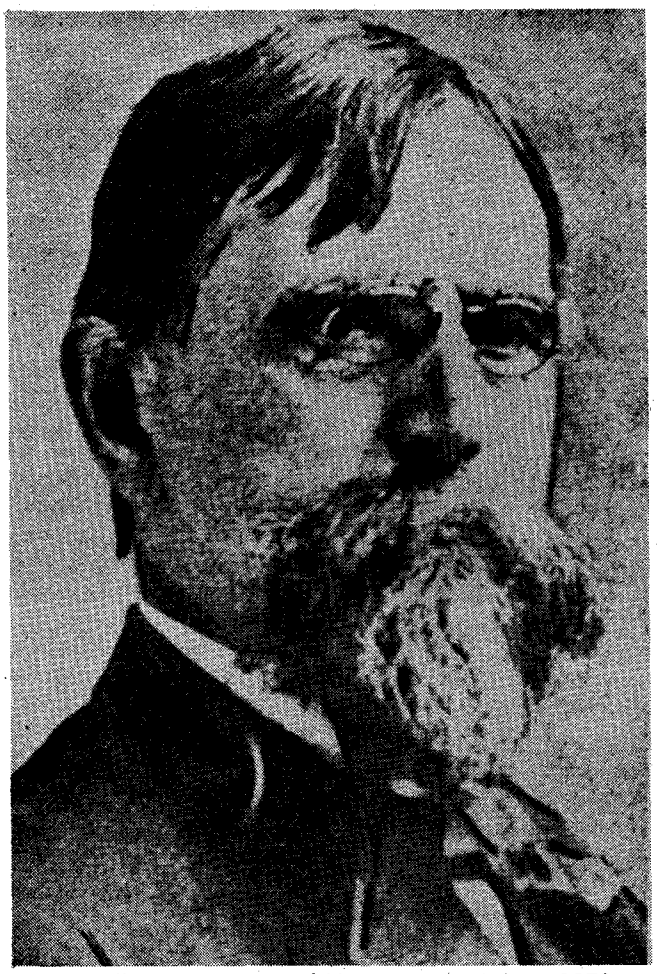

Lew Wallace, Governor of New Mexico, August 1878 to May 1881. He had a secret meeting with Billy the Kid, but later refused to pardon him. Wallace was trying to end the Lincoln County War and write BEN-HUR at the same time.

Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma.

Three noted sheriffs of Lincoln Co. New Mexico. Pat Garrett, left. John W. Poe, right. James Brent, standing. They were sheriffs during the years 1877 to 1881.

After the murder of John Tunstall, Billy the Kid set out to take vengeance on the killers who, since they were in the sheriff's posse, went free. On the morning of April 1, 1878, Sheriff William Brady was shot and killed in broad daylight while walking on the main street of Lincoln. Killed with him was his deputy, George Hindman. Witnesses were hard to find, but Billy the Kid was one of several accused. The county commissioners offered a reward of $200 each for the arrest of the slayers.

Three days after the shooting, Andrew L. (Buckshot) Roberts rode into Lincoln. Roberts was a member of the posse which killed Tunstall, so on hearing confirmation of the reward offer, he set out on a mule, heavily armed. His destination was Blazer's Mill, where he was told the killers of Brady and Hindman might be. Near the mill he met a party which included Billy the Kid. They ordered Roberts to surrender, and when he refused, one of them, Charles Bowdre, simply shot him. But before Roberts expired, he shot at three of his assailants, wounding George Coe and John Middleton and killing Richard M. Brewer, the young man who was foreman on Tunstall's ranch.

On April 18 a grand jury indicted Bowdre, Billy the Kid and several others for the killing of Buckshot Roberts. It also indicted Billy for the slaying of Brady and Hindman. On the following day, the Kid appeared in court and pleaded not guilty. What might be called a small revolution prevented his being tried for nearly a year.

This minor revolution was precipitated by the killing of Sheriff Brady who was a staunch member of the Murphy faction. The McSween faction saw their opportunity and immediately held an election and installed a new sheriff sympathetic to their own interests. The Murphy faction appealed to the governor of the territory, who prompty appointed a Murphy man to the post. Thus reinstated, the Murphy partisans set off to arrest Billy the Kid and wipe out the McSween faction. The Murphy sheriff and his posse, reinforced with hired killers brought in from other counties, found Billy in July of 1878 with his McSween friends in Lincoln. Everybody knew this was the final showdown between the Murphy and the Tunstall-McSween groups, now led by McSween since Tunstall's death.

After two days of desultory shooting about town, Billy and his friends were cornered and besieged in the McSween residence. In the late afternoon of July 19, the third day, the Murphy gang set fire to one wing of the adobe house. With the fire creeping toward them, the inmates fought on while Mrs. McSween played the piano. During the fight, Deputy Sheriff Robert Beckworth of the Murphy clan and four of the trapped partisans, including McSween, were killed.

But, as darkness settled over Lincoln, Billy the Kid emerged from the burning building, dashed to a ravine and escaped in the darkness. Later that same night the posse, and the mob which usually gathers after such an affray, broke into the Tunstall-McSween store and robbed it of about $6,000 worth of goods.

Now with both Tunstall and McSween dead, the Murphy gang was victorious and Billy the Kid

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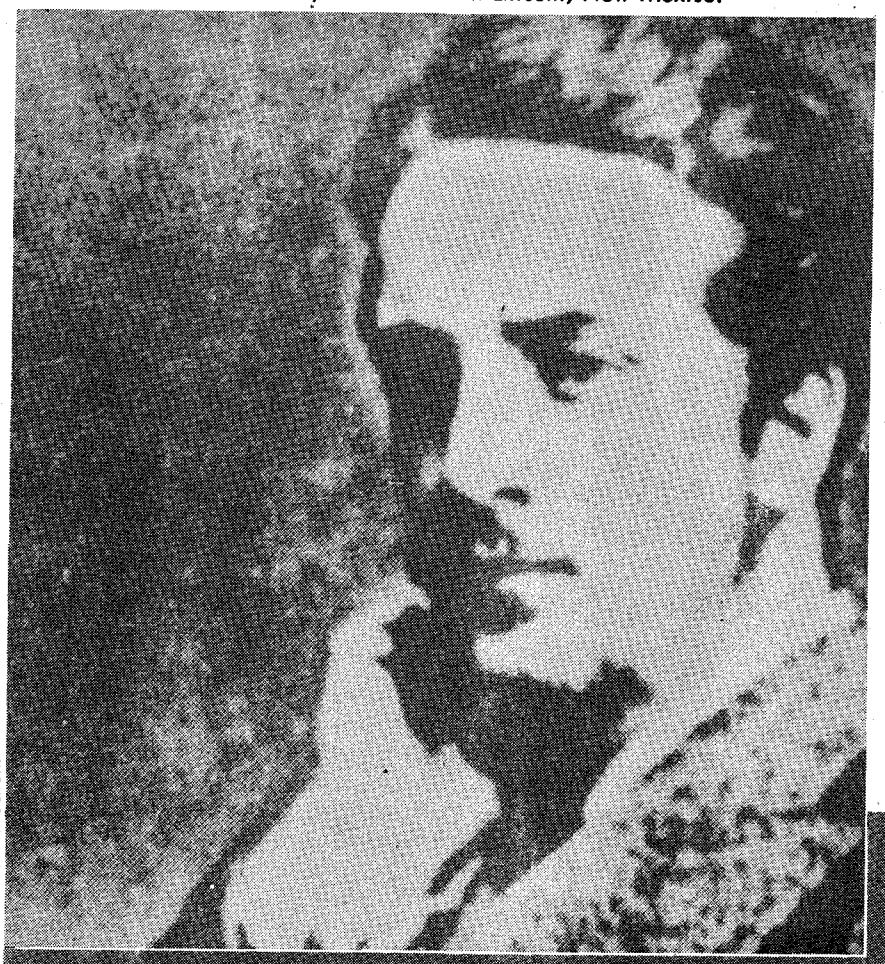
John Tunstall, store owner in Lincoln, New Mexico.

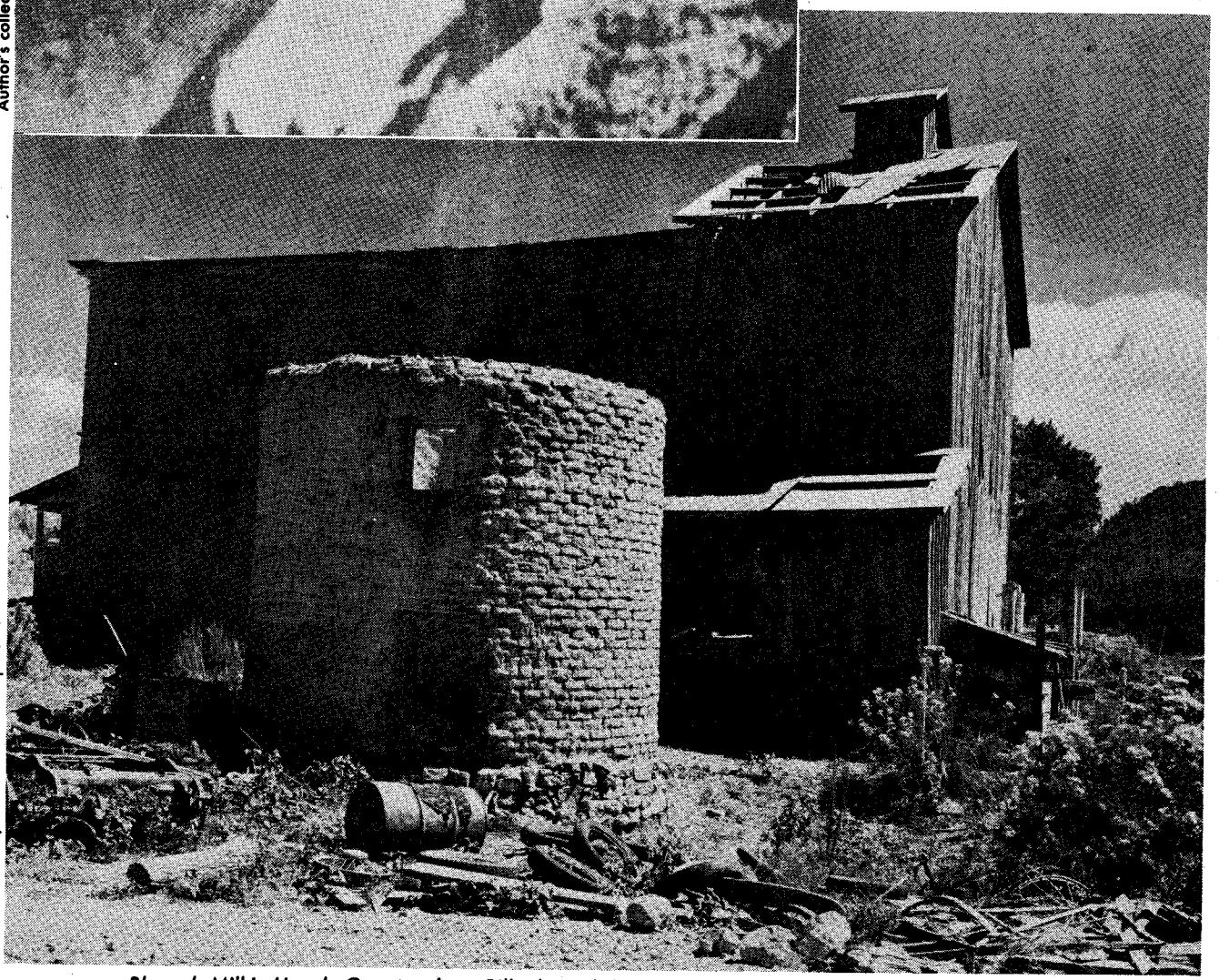


Author's collection.

became an outlaw wanted on several murder charges. However, he was popular with many people, and McSween partisans, though they had no organization, now openly sympathized with him. Grudge killings promised to continue for a while longer.

McSween's death during the "Five Days Battle" in a sense ended the war, but not its effects. What was curious throughout its course was the inability of Santa Fe and of Governor Axtell to act effectively. It gradually became apparent that Axtell favored the Murphy faction, as did United States District Attorney Thomas Catron, who was retained by Murphy as a legal adviser. Further, Axtell appointed a pro-Murphy sheriff to succeed the dead Brady. Until the McSween faction felt it could secure justice, it was not likely to surrender to such partisan authorities.

The strange inability of Axtell and the legal forces of New Mexico to cope with Lincoln County came to the attention of the Interior, Justice, and War Departments, which jointly



New Mexico Department of Development.

Blazer's Mill in Lincoln County where Billy the Kid shot and killed Buckshot Roberts on April 4, 1878.

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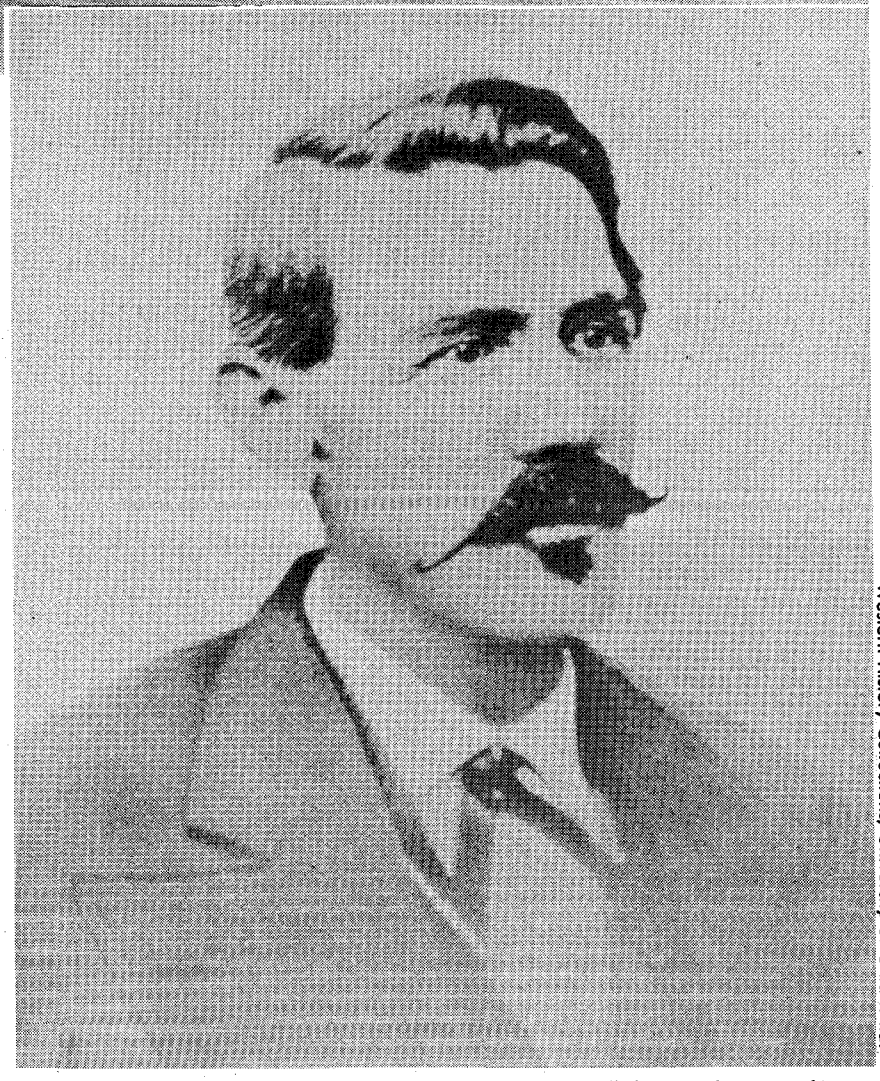
Tunstall - McSween Store. Despite looting by the Seven Rivers Group, the building was used as a store by several merchants for many years.

appointed Frank Warner Angell as a special investigator to look into the difficulties.

What Angell found in the way of fact was not nearly so significant as the attitudes he encountered. The *Santa Fe New Mexican* greeted his coming with great hostility. He got little cooperation from Axtell and even less from United States District Attorney Catron. Angell listened sympathetically, therefore, to the charges of Montague R. Leverson, editor of the *Mesilla Valley Independent,* who stated both to Angell and to President Hayes that the New Mexican violence was actually being caused by the agitation of the United States officials in the area.

Leverson also stated Tunstall was murdered by order of the District Attorney of the Third District (W. R. Rynerson), a member of the "Santa Fe Ring" by whom the District Judge (Warren Bristol) is "used as a tool." Axtell, said Leverson, protected the murderers, "influenced more by weakness and want of intellect than by intentional criminality." Finally, he declared that the United States District Attorney and the Surveyor



John S. Chisum, rancher in Lincoln County, often called "The Cattle King of New Mexico."

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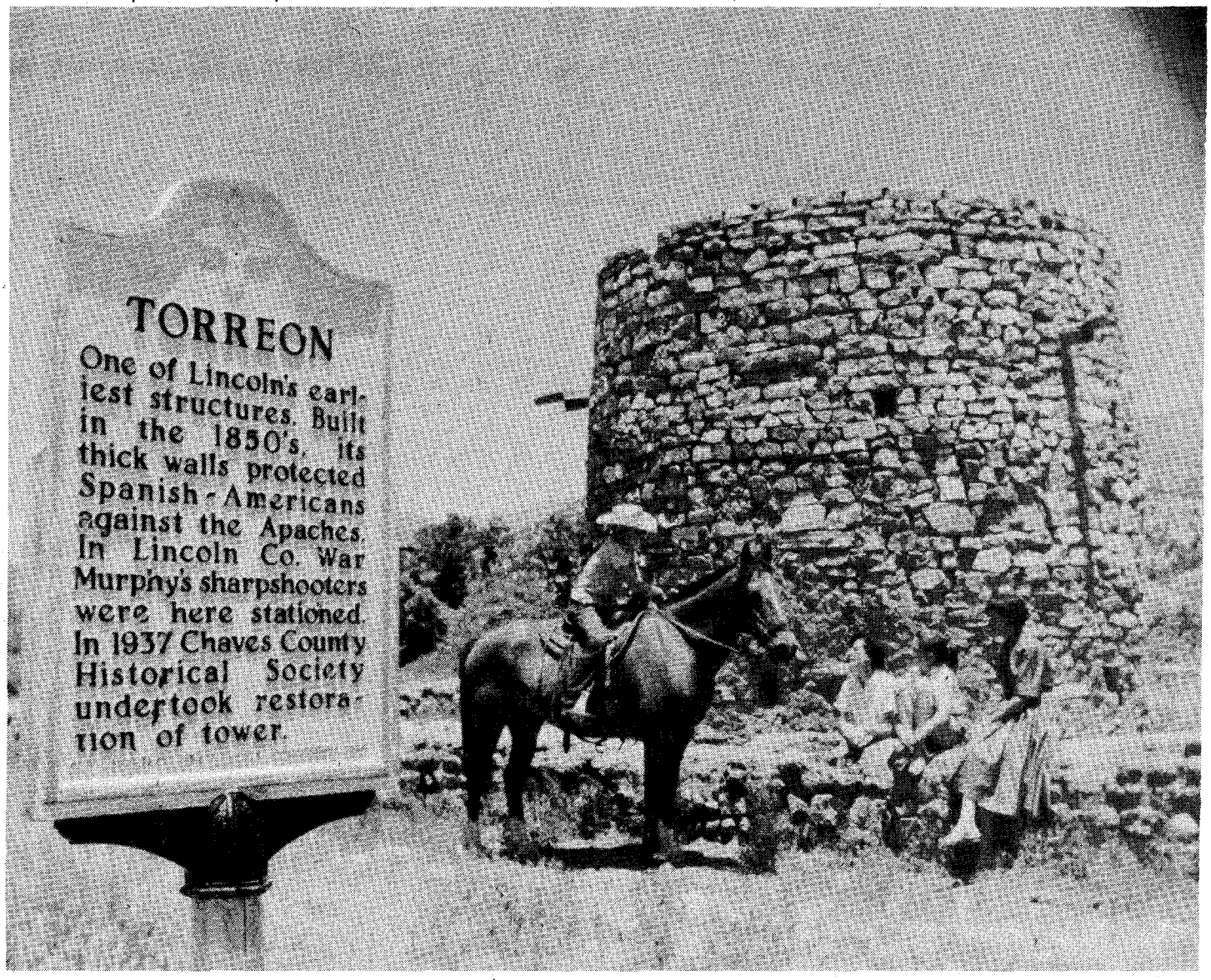
TORREON
One of Lincoln's earliest structures. Built in the 1850's, its thick walls protected Spanish-Americans against the Apaches. In Lincoln Co. War Murphy's sharpshooters were here stationed. In 1937 Chaves County Historical Society undertook restoration of tower.

Torreon or stone tower is one of the oldest structures in Lincoln County. Murphy's sharpshooters were here during the Lincoln County War.

General at Sante Fe were common plunderers.

Then on October 7, 1878, President Hayes declared Lincoln County in a state of insurrection and appointed General Lew Wallace as Acting Governor of New Mexico Territory with instructions to end the war. On arrival Wallace issued an amnesty proclamation, and Billy, gun in hand, met the general alone in a designated house. A reconciliation might have occurred, but two of Billy's deadly enemies escaped from jail, probably released by Murphy sympathizers. To protect himself, Billy retreated to his hide-out near San Patricio.

Supporting himself now by stealing horses and cattle from his old friend Chisum, he and his thieving friends fought with a White Oaks posse at Coyote Springs in November of 1880, but all escaped. At the Greathouse ranch and roadhouse, on December 1, 1880, another posse from White Oaks tried to capture Billy, but again he got away. On December 15, Governor Wallace offered a reward of $500 for Billy's delivery to the sheriff of Lincoln County.

On December 21, Pat Garrett, who was just elected sheriff of Lincoln County but not yet in office, set out to capture Billy. With a posse, he besieged the Kid and four of his companions in a stone hut near Stinking Springs (later Wilcox Springs, New Mexico). The posse killed Charles Bowdre when he appeared in the doorway. Billy and the three others held out until two days before Christmas when they surrendered.

Billy was imprisoned, so he appealed to Governor Wallace, but the general was busy writing his famous novel *Ben-Hur* and realized his governorship would terminate with the inauguration of President Garfield; thus he paid no attention. Wallace left Santa Fe to return to the East. War with the "Ring" and a recurrence of violence in other counties in 1880 left Wallace disgusted with his job. While waiting for his successor, Lionel A. Sheldon, he wrote to a friend: "... as soon as he comes, I will take up my sheep skin bed, and chassez down to San Simon and give myself to the development of some mines in that district. No need, you see, for a statistician there." Having some good mining properties, he left Santa Fe for the more exotic position of Ambassador to the Ottoman Empire in Turkey.

While Wallace was not successful as a political reformer and other "county wars" continued to break out in New Mexico, the tide was at least turning against the Lincoln County lawbreakers. When Judge Warren Bristol held court at Fort Stanton, some 200 indictments covering over 50 people were returned. The youths and small ranchers who rode so boldly up and down Lincoln County

(continued on page 62)

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

INDIANS ACROSS THE SEAS

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

Many American Indians have traveled across the seas; some by choice, others by force.

Christopher Columbus took nine Indians back to Spain upon his return from his first voyage to the New World. He wanted to show that the New World contained quantities of gold as evidenced by the gold the natives wore. Also, he believed the Indian would make good servants to work in the mines and on the Spanish plantations.

Columbus had invited the nine men to his ship, then took them captive. He sent his men to capture other Indians, and they returned with seven women and three children. When Columbus landed in Spain, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella heard of his strange cargo; he was told to bring the Indians to Barcelona. There were only six Indians left, and these were decked out in gold ornaments and bright feathers. Queen Isabella took a sincere interest in the Indians and ordered that they be treated with kindness and receive religious instruction. Two of the boys received the names John and Ferdinand. Four of the Indians were sent to Seville for Christian instruction with the hope they would return to their native land and instruct their people in the Christian belief. One boy died and was believed by the Spanish to be the first of his race to reach heaven, because of his new belief. The other boy was retained in the household of Prince John. An Indian boy, acting as page to a wealthy Spanish boy attending the University of Salamanca, was ordered freed by Queen Isabella.

On future voyages Columbus captured other Indians, taking them back to Spain. These Indians were sold to help finance his future expeditions. There was some opposition to this, but it was sanctioned by the church because the Indians were given Christian instructions.

Americus Vespucius, on his first voyage, carried off 222 Indians which were sold as slaves. Gaspar Cortereal, a Portugese, was also an Indian slave hunter. Exploring the coast of North America, about 1501, he captured and carried off fifty Indians from Labrador. One ship was lost with its cargo of Indian captives. Another ship reached Lisbon on October 8, 1501, with only seven captives alive and able to go ashore.

After his discovery of the St. Lawrence River, on August 10, 1508, Thomas Aubert, pilot of Dieppe, captured seven Indians and took them to Rouen, France aboard the *Law Pensee*. These were believed to have been from the Micmac Tribe, captured from Cape Breton Island.

John Verrazzano, a navigator in the service of Francis I of France, explored the coast of North America in 1508, capturing an Indian boy from the Connecticut coast.

Jacques Rene de Brisay, Marquis de Denonville, invited some Iroquois to Fort Frontenac in June of 1687. He seized thirty of his Indian guests and sent them to France to be slaves for the King's galleys. When Louis XIV later learned of this, he ordered the surviving twenty Indian slaves to be liberated. They were given French clothing and sent home with Count de Frontenac when he sailed in July as the reappointed governor of New France.

The English didn't capture as many Indians, but among those captured were the ones taken by Captain George Weymouth. On March 6, 1605, the *Archangel* anchored near Monhegan Island and some Abnaki Indians invited aboard for a feast. Five Indians accepted, were seized and taken to England.

While many Indians were taken to work as slaves, others were taken to enrich their captors in others ways — as freaks or exhibits to be displayed. In many cases these were abandoned by their exploiters and left to wander around Europe. Sometimes these Indians were befriended, but not often.

The wife of King Philip of the Wamanoag Indians and his nine year - old son were captured during the King Philip Wars — 1675 and 1676. They were sold into slavery in the West Indies. Others of the Wamanoag tribe were captured and either abandoned on strange coasts or taken to foreign countries to be sold into slavery. Some of these Indians were even taken to Morocco to be sold into slavery on the African continent.

The capturing of Indians to be sold as slaves was not profitable enough to be continued. The Indians could not endure the loss of freedom and simply died rather than be a slave.

However there is another side to this; not all Indians were taken as slaves to Europe. General James Oglethorpe took the aged Chief Tomochichi of the Yamacraw tribe with him on his return to England. Five months later, the chief returned to his native land with gifts and tales to tell his people.

An Indian girl of the Missouri tribe was baptized in Notre Dame in Paris, after she married Sargeant Dubois, a member of M. le Chevalier de Bourgmond's party. The Indian girl was the daughter of the Great Chief of the tribe. As a wedding gift she was given a watch set with diamonds.

The story of Matoka, known as Pocahontas, is well known, also of her marriage to John Rolfe and travelling to England.

Many young Indian boys were sent to England to attend school; among these was Joseph Brent, a full-blooded Mohawk.

One young Indian even went to Japan. He was Ranald MacDonald, son of Archibald MacDonald, chief factor for the Hudson's Bay Company, and Raven, daughter of Com-Comly, king of the Chinook Indians. Ranald was born February 11, 1824, and when his mother died, he was raised by Jane Clyne, whom his father later

(continued on page 60)

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BUDDY ROOSEVELT

by Mario A. DeMarco

The first time I ever saw Buddy Roosevelt was in one of my first westerns, *Action Galore*, and I was impressed by the excellent riding and stunting that this trim and good-looking star performed. I must admit that Buddy's acting ability wasn't the best, but he sure made up for it in the action department, which he provided plenty of, and that was the main ingredient of a great western star. Buddy, in a way, reminded me of Art Acord; both were similar and the talkies put an end to their great careers. Art died under mysterious circumstances, and Buddy went on to become a permanent fixture as a character actor in both the movies and television.

Buddy's real name was Kent Sanderson, and he was born in Meeker, White River Valley, Colorado, which his father helped to settle. His father was an English counselor of law, who became a surveyor and soldier of fortune. Later, he and his wife journeyed to America, headed West with the settlers, and were among the first to settle in Colorado. Kent was the second of three boys born to the Sandersons. Buddy received his education at schools in Massachusetts. Later on he headed back West and had a variety of jobs: lumberjack, miner and ranch hand. He joined a wild west show and became an excellent trick and stuntrider. At this time Hollywood was turning out countless westerns and was looking for cowboys to ride and act in the films. Kent made it to Hollywood and found work as a bit player in 1922; it wasn't too long before he was doubling and doing some of the more hazardous stunts for the leading men. He was signed to star in a string of fast-paced westerns for Art Class Productions. A year later he was working for Pathe, turning out some more of his fine westerns and several chapter plays. In all of these action films he did most of his own riding and stunts; the studios insisted he use a double for the very dangerous scenes. Universal, which had a stable of western stars, had him appear in a "two reeler" — which was a film of screen testing. After viewing this film, they were convinced that he would be a future western star for their studio.

His first starring role for the big "U" was in *Law of the Yukon;* the film was shot on location in Alaska and was considered an extraordinary thing in those early movie years. His work in the picture was quite good, but he made one of the biggest mistakes of his budding career: his press agent convinced him to sign a five-year contract with an independent company. He was undecided at first, but finally gave in. At this time, the hero of the era was Teddy Roosevelt and his Rough Riders, so they convinced him to change his name after this great hero of the Spanish-American War. So, again and with reluctance, he adopted the name of Buddy Roosevelt.

In all, he turned out over 30 five-reelers in the following years, and in this time he may have come one of our leading super western stars if his time had not been tied up with this company. But, as one of his friends put it to Buddy, "A long-term contract is nothing to sneeze at, especially in the movie business."

At the close of his contract "talkies" were being introduced, and Buddy, who had a fair voice, managed to turn out some mediocre "sounders" for Superior Pictures. As he recalled, they had trouble with the sound system and the pictures had no strong plots.

Like many of the other stars, Buddy was hit quite hard during the great Depression, and most of his savings were wiped out by poor investments. His days as a star were ended, so he again turned to stunt work and bit parts. As he grew older, Buddy turned to character parts, and you could see him in most of the westerns as a sheriff, a member of the gang, or member of a band of citizens. His face could easily be picked out of a crowd because, like the old-timers, he acted with his eyes. His last appearance in the industry, which we loved greatly, was in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* for Paramount.

He called it quits after 40 years in the business. For a brief time he retired in Meeker, the place where he was born and loved; but he suffered a heart attack and was placed in the Motion Picture Veterans' Home, where he passed away on October 6, 1973. He was a great performer, who had been associated with the circus, rodeo, motion pictures and television, a great western star whose name will always be brought to mind whenever the list of pioneer movie western stars is read. ●RW

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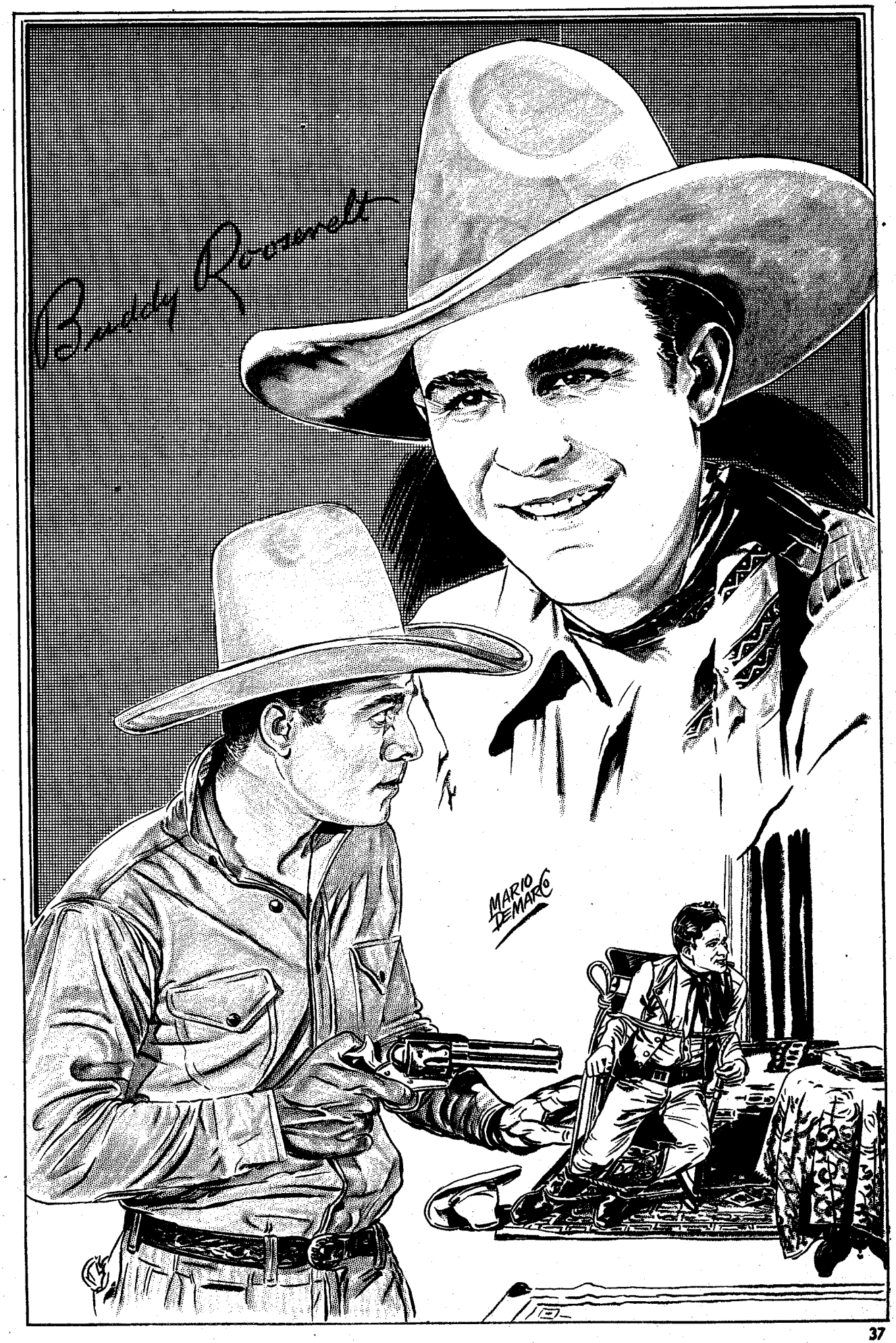

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THE TWELVE GREATEST GUNSLICKS

by Carl W. Breihan

If you had to name the dozen greatest gunfighters of all time, who would be on your list? You've got the Baseball Hall of Fame, and the Country Music Hall of Fame. Who would you put in your own Gunslingers' Hall of Fame? Here is the list compiled by one of the best informed Western writers on the staff of REAL WEST.

© The Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

Wild Bill Hickok.

Deane Adams revolver; once the property of Hickok.

I have often wondered, if one were suddenly asked to name the first dozen great gunfighters of all time, what twelve names would head the list. Did you ever try it?

After all, it is only one man's opinion against that of another; there is no accurate method by which the absolute fact can be determined. It would be a pretty safe wager, however, that three out of every four would place the name of "Wild Bill" Hickok as their number one choice.

Why is this so? Well, mainly because of the wonderful record built up for Mr. Hickok by such writers as Emerson Hough and others, namely Ned Buntline, whose works were labeled "true stories" of Bill Hickok.

Mr. Hough even tries to be specific and enumerates Bill's killings, finally telling us (in all seriousness, I suppose) that Mr. Hickok finally ended up with 80 some-odd credits or notches to his record. He makes out a pretty good case, too. But Mr. Hough makes the same mistake numerous other writers have made ... he takes too much for granted and doesn't verify his facts close enough. Like lots of others, he indicates that it is said or reported that such and such an incident occurred of some particular killing accredited to Bill; but he fails to tell his readers the source of his information.

There is no doubt that Wild Bill Hickok was a wonderful handler of the six-gun and probably deserved the title bestowed upon him by another of his admirers, "Prince of Pistoleers," but that 80 odd killings simply will not wash — it is absolutely ridiculous.

But enough of Hickok for the time being, let us now take up the case of another gent ... very much overwritten ... the man whom some call the absolute tops as a handler of Mr. Colt from Dodge City to Tombstone. He made the Buntline Special revolver famous and he was Wyatt Earp — buffalo hunter, city marshal, shotgun messenger, Deputy United States Marshal, gambler, con man, and prizefight referee.

Yet when we check Wyatt Earp's record for credits or

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killings, we find that he is entitled only to five. He killed two men with a shotgun and three more with his twelve-inch barreled Colt. One was a prisoner; none was killed in the tradition of the quick draw.

Now let us consider another badman, and one who is generally credited with 21 notches on the handles of his .41 Colt, his favorite handgun. This gunman's record of 21 bumpoffs would really be remarkable, if it were true, as he was only slightly in his 21st year himself when he stopped a bullet fired by an erstwhile friend, and cashed in.

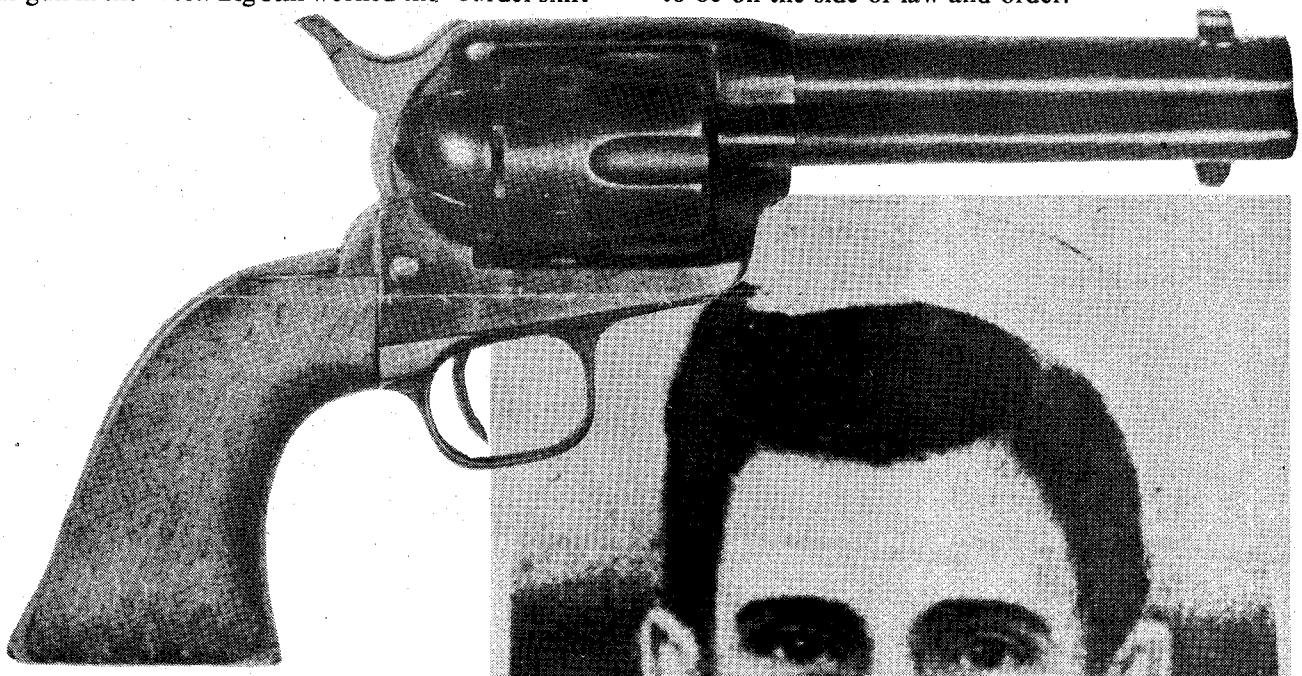
This young gunfighters was of, course, Billy the Kid, William H. Bonney, Jr. But once again it seems a man was trying to build up his own reputation when he boasted about killing 19 men and wanted to make it 21 by killing Pat Garrett and Barney Mason.

Garrett, who knew Billy probably as good or better than most, declared that the young desperado was only entitled to 7 kills — these have been substantiated. And while most writers have stated that Billy the Kid was left-handed and the reverse photo shows this to be the case, he was right-handed. This writer examined the photo in every detail and you will note that the belt buckle and position of the vest buttons indicate clearly that Billy was right-handed.

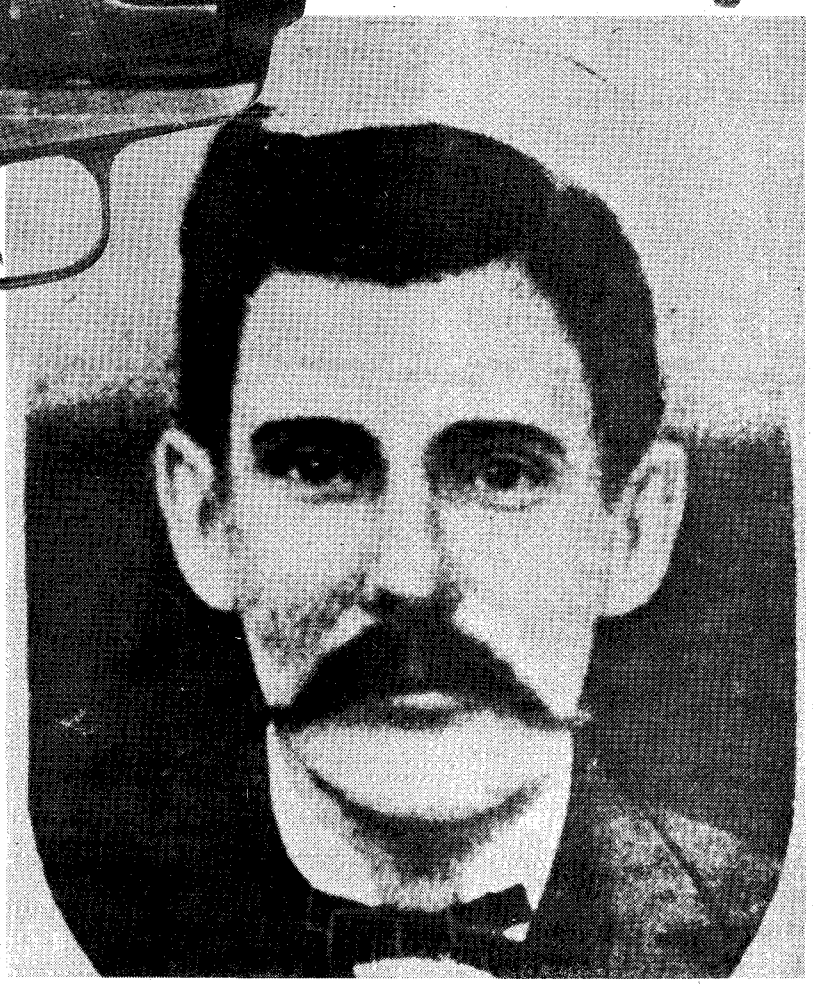
Then there was "Big Jim" Courtright, whom some count as one of the best — if not the best — handler of the six-gun in the West. Big Jim worked the "border shift" — tossing the gun from one hand to the other — better than any man before or since. Courtright was an Indian scout, marshal of Fort Worth, and also a professional. He was rated tops, and while acting as marshal of Fort Worth he attempted to put the squeeze on "Little Luke" Short, who ran a game in the back room of the White Elephant Saloon. Luke, known as the "Undertaker's friend," as he always killed his man with one or two shots and never bloodied them up, caught Big Jim as he was trying the shift (Luke's first bullet hit the thumb of Jim's gun hand), his second bullet killing Courtright. Big Jim became Luke's 8th credit; at the time of his death, Courtright had an even dozen credits.

Another top-rated gunman was Manning Clements, a cousin of Wesley Hardin. All the Clements clan were noted gunmen, Manning probably the best. Manning killed Joe and Dolph Shadden in a shootout, and he was killed in a later shootout. He is reported to have bragged: "Hell, killin' a man, 'taint nothin'. I'll cut any man in two, waist high for $300." He is credited with 15 killings before finally coming to the end of his trail.

And we are told by the writer Carroll C. Halloway of a gentleman by the name of John Pinckney Higgins, who is described as a rancher, trail driver, stock detective, feudist, and who, according to the record, was a relentless killer, with 20 credits scored in his favor. However, we are happy to report that Mr. Higgins was generally reported to be on the side of law and order.



Frontier .45 single-action revolver was said to have been property of Doc Holliday, Tombstone's tubercular gunfighting ex-dentist.



J.H. "Doc" Holliday

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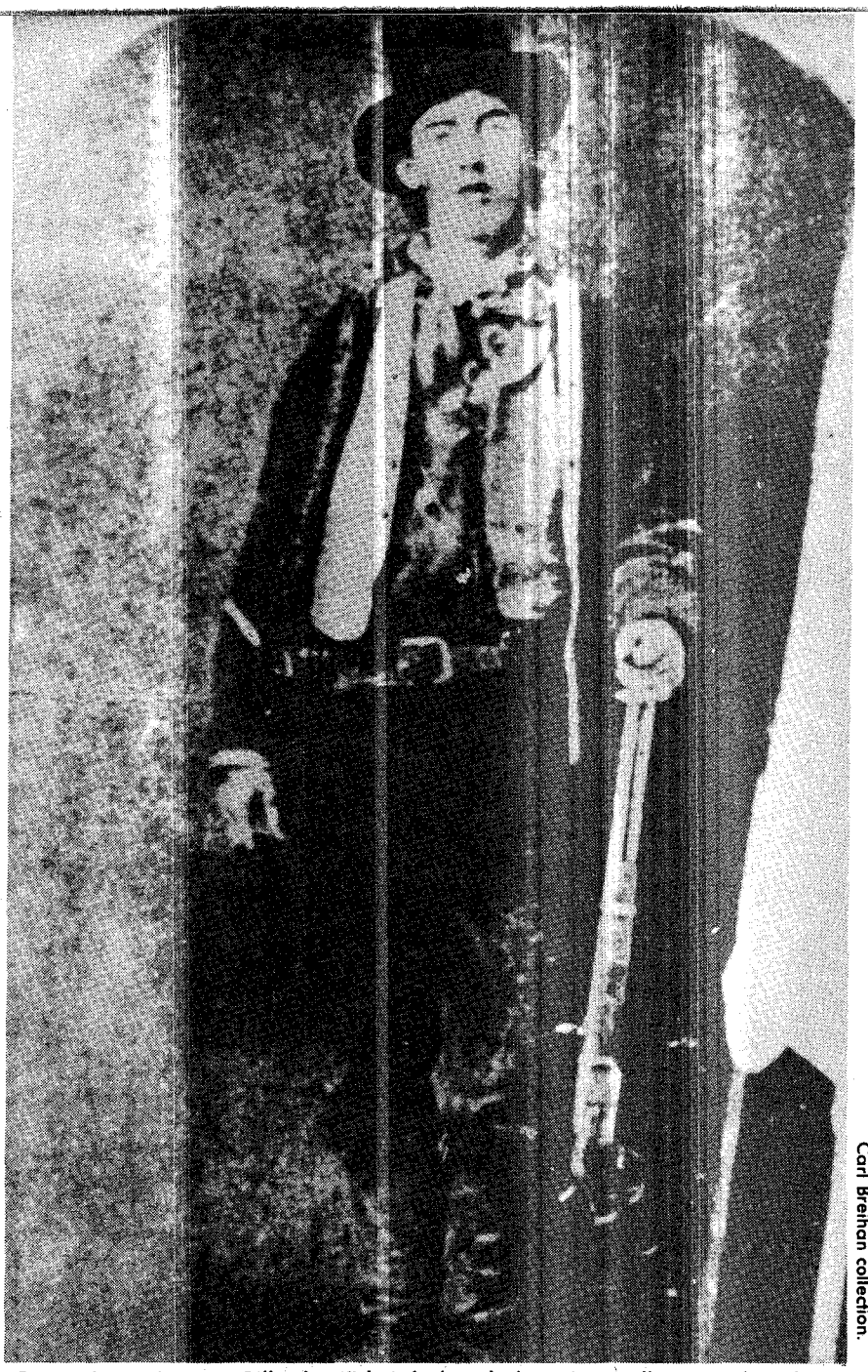
Pink Higgins was the leader of the Higgins faction in the Horrell-Higgins Feud, and in spite of being a family man who usually stood for moral living, he killed 20 men. It is interesting to speculate just how many more credits Mr. Higgins might have cornered for himself if he had been a bachelor or an outlaw — single men are less tied down by home life.

Thomas Horrell, leader of the Higgins' opposition, was also a mighty salty hombre with his six-gun. There were a number of the Horrell boys, about six, and the combined killings of this group mounted to 50 men before the feud was finally stopped. This is ample evidence that they were dangerous men to mess with, too.

No essay about gunfighters would be complete without the mention of Clay Allison of Washita. Here was one of the most peculiar badmen of all time. Clay's record may not have been as impressive as was that of several others, but Mr. Allison had one peculiarity that set him aside from the others; he was a killer of badmen. Clay seemed to imagine he was especially created just to tangle in shootouts with other gunslicks, or so-called badmen. He would travel miles just to exchange shots with another gunman.

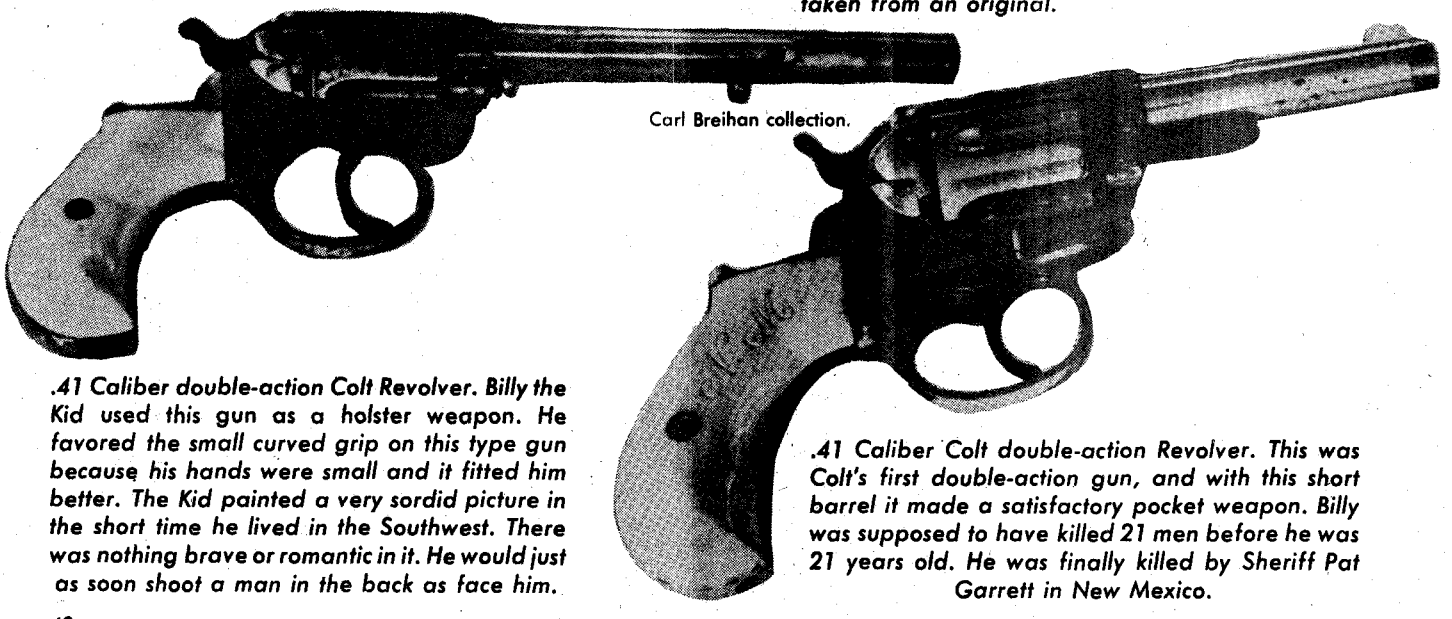
One time, when asked if his conscience didn't sometime trouble him about the number of men he had killed, Clay looked a bit surprised before replying, "Huh? Conscience, what's that? Hell, no! I never killed air'y man who didn't need killin' a long time a-fore I got 'round to doin' the job."

A psychopathic killer was Clay Allison. When about half full of liquor, he was a devil incarnate, when



Carl Breihan collection.

Rare photo showing Billy the Kid right-handed, as he really was. This photo taken from an original.



Carl Breihan collection.

.41 Caliber double-action Colt Revolver. Billy the Kid used this gun as a holster weapon. He favored the small curved grip on this type gun because his hands were small and it fitted him better. The Kid painted a very sordid picture in the short time he lived in the Southwest. There was nothing brave or romantic in it. He would just as soon shoot a man in the back as face him.

.41 Caliber Colt double-action Revolver. This was Colt's first double-action gun, and with this short barrel it made a satisfactory pocket weapon. Billy was supposed to have killed 21 men before he was 21 years old. He was finally killed by Sheriff Pat Garrett in New Mexico.

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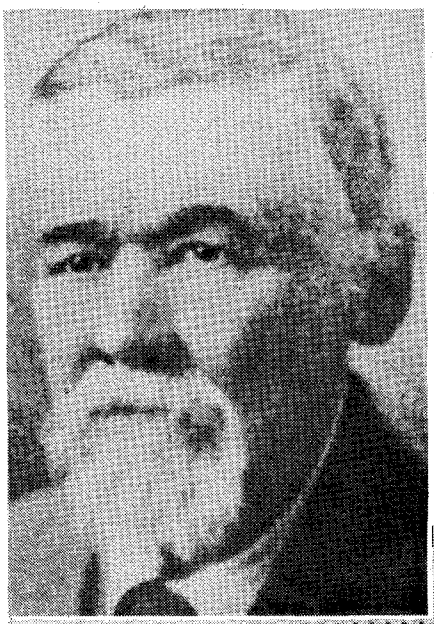
John Slaughter



sober, a pretty decent sort. Clay's credits numbered 13 men.

Another trigger-happy handler of the Colt equalizer was Uncle John Selman, who earned his 14th notch by gunning down, from behind, Texas's most famous badman, John Wesley Hardin.

Uncle John, after a somewhat hectic career, not always on the side of law and order, finally settled down in El Paso, Texas as a constable. He became mixed up in trouble with Hardin when Uncle John's son, a city policeman in the El Paso Force, arrested Hardin's girlfriend. Hardin told Uncle John just what he thought about young John's arrest of his sweetheart. Words followed and Hardin told Selman he was unarmed.

"Well, get armed. The next time we meet I'm going to kill you."

Uncle John was as good as his word. That very night he shot Hardin as he stood at the bar of the Acme Saloon, shaking dice for the drinks. When Selman's bullet crashed through Hardin's brain, it was his 14th kill. Selman has been ranked with other noted gunmen of the Lone Star State.

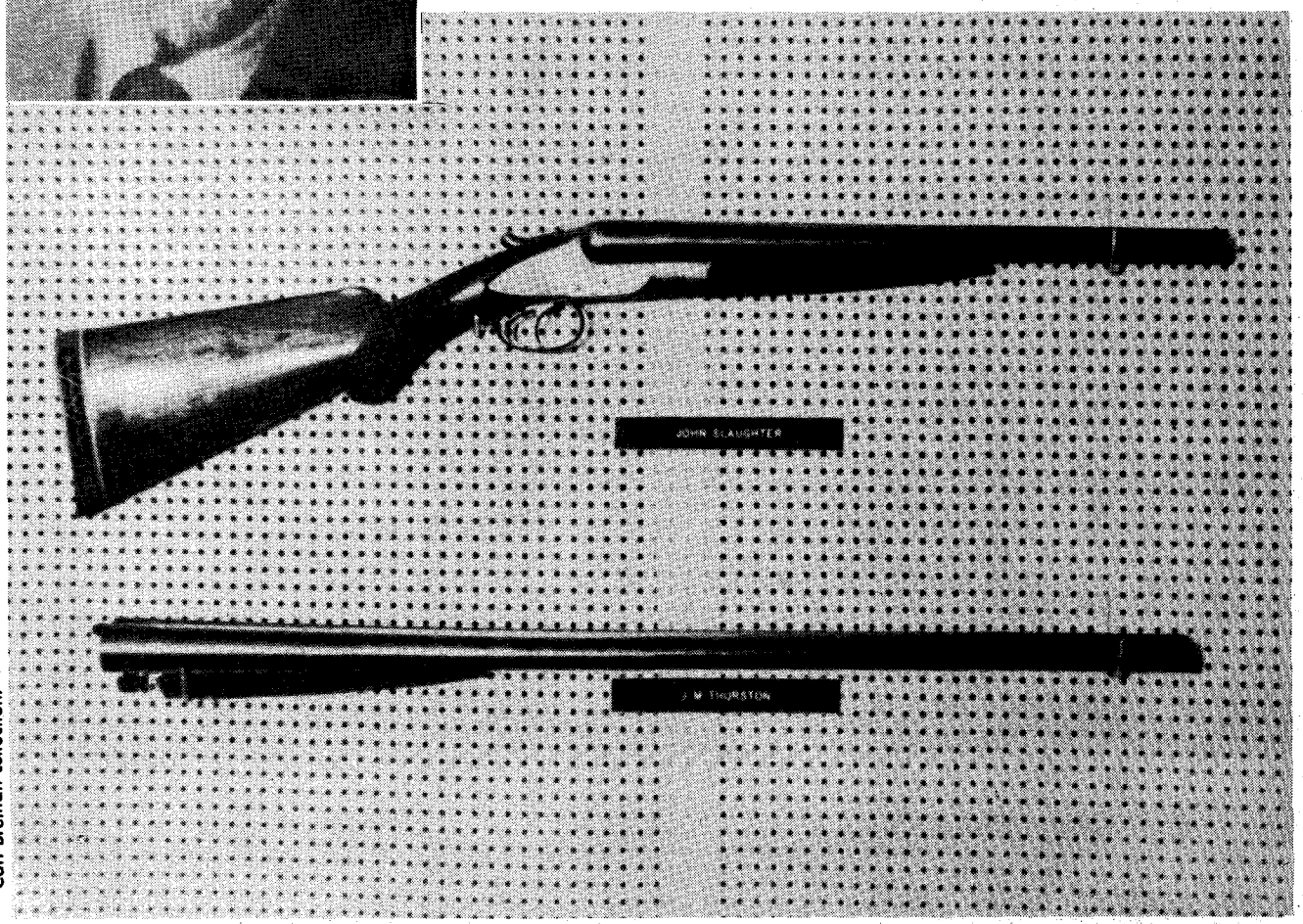
Another Uncle John was John Slaughter. We are told that he was just about the most determined old coot of his time. When he got on your shirttail, you might as well 'calf rope' and give up, for you were had. John Slaughter was a Texas cattleman and fighter, who later became sheriff of tough Cochise County, Arizona, and as a lawman was "tough on rats," rustlers, badmen, and others of like ilk. He ran his record up to some 15 to 16 credits.

There were other sudden-death artists: "Black Jack" Ketchum, George Scarborough, Dallas Stoudenmire, Joe Tomlinson, Joe Slade, "Curly Bill" Brocius, Henry Brown, William Clarke Quantrill, "Cherokee Bill Goldsby, Jesse James, and others, probably 75-100. So one begins to realize just what a task it is to attempt to pick the twelve top-notch gunmen.

It will be noted that I have intentionally refrained from including such well-known Texas Rangers as Lee Hall, Captains McNeely, Hughes, and others. Although they were recognized as real artists with the six-gun, their killings, when necessary, were less spectacular. The same applies to Officers Jeff Milton, Dee Harkey, Bat Masterson, and others.

There were so many real experts with the handgun that it would be impossible to enumerate them all within the scope of an article of this length.

Departing, for a moment, from more killers who used a gun, we might say in all seriousness that the man who very likely was responsible for more deaths, and strangely enough, only three by gunfire, was George Maledon. Maledon was an Austrian who, for twenty years, acted as official hangman for "Hanging Judge" Parker at Fort Smith, Arkansas. The records indicate that Maledon hanged over 80 men on the gallows and killed three with a revolver. Yes, life was cheap in our



Carl Breihan collection.

John Slaughter's shotgun.

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Carl Breihan collection.

Cherokee Bill's last photograph

early frontier days, and the records of killings are staggering to our present-day imagination.

There is little doubt that both Hickok and Earp were built up by admiring writers, as well as were Buffalo Bill Cody and some others. Hickok, Earp and Cody were just lucky or unlucky, as one looks at it; they featured lurid sensationalism more than factual reporting. The pity of it is that legend has become accepted as truth as a direct result of such writings.

These three gentlemen "ate up" this adoration; Hickok adored it. Buffalo Bill used this notoriety professionally and cashed in on it through his Wild West Shows.

Wyatt Earp, a very intelligent man, professed to detest it, but his interviews never gave a journalist an opportunity to describe him as a mere man. Many of the so-called factual incidents related of Earp are not only physical impossibilities, they are simply ridiculous. One classic instance is his apparent anger and refusal, at first, to accept the two Buntline Specials presented to him.

There is no intention here of belittling these men or depreciating their supposed accomplishments, those deeds of fact rather than fantasy. Their bravery cannot be doubted. It is no accident that they have been singled out from the masses, their exploits exaggerated, their deeds romanticized. But they were not fearless as they were painted; all men have means of caution, just as you and I.

It is easy to say that Hickok killed 80 men plus. But who were they?

Carl Breihan collection.

Cherokee Bill's single-action .45 Colt—now at Saunder's Museum, Berryville, Ark.

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Where are they buried? Who are their relatives? In answering these questions, the number of notches in each case necessarily must be scaled downward.

Well, if the readers have gone this far with me, they probably are thinking, Well, for goodness sake, who are the twelve men he is going to name as the The Twelve Greatest Gunslicks?

So, without further ado, I'll name the dozen men whom I think were the greatest gunslicks. With the exception of the first two names on the list, the men are not necessarily in the numerical order in which I would place them, for various reasons. Outside numbers one and two, I would not care to differentiate between the other ten.

So here are my twelve men: John Wesley Hardin, William (Bad Bill) Longley, Cullen Baker, John P. Higgins, John King Fisher, James Butler Hickok (Wild Bill), Wyatt Earp, Clay Allison, John Ringo, Ben Thompson, William H. Bonney (Billy the Kid), and John "Doc" Holliday.

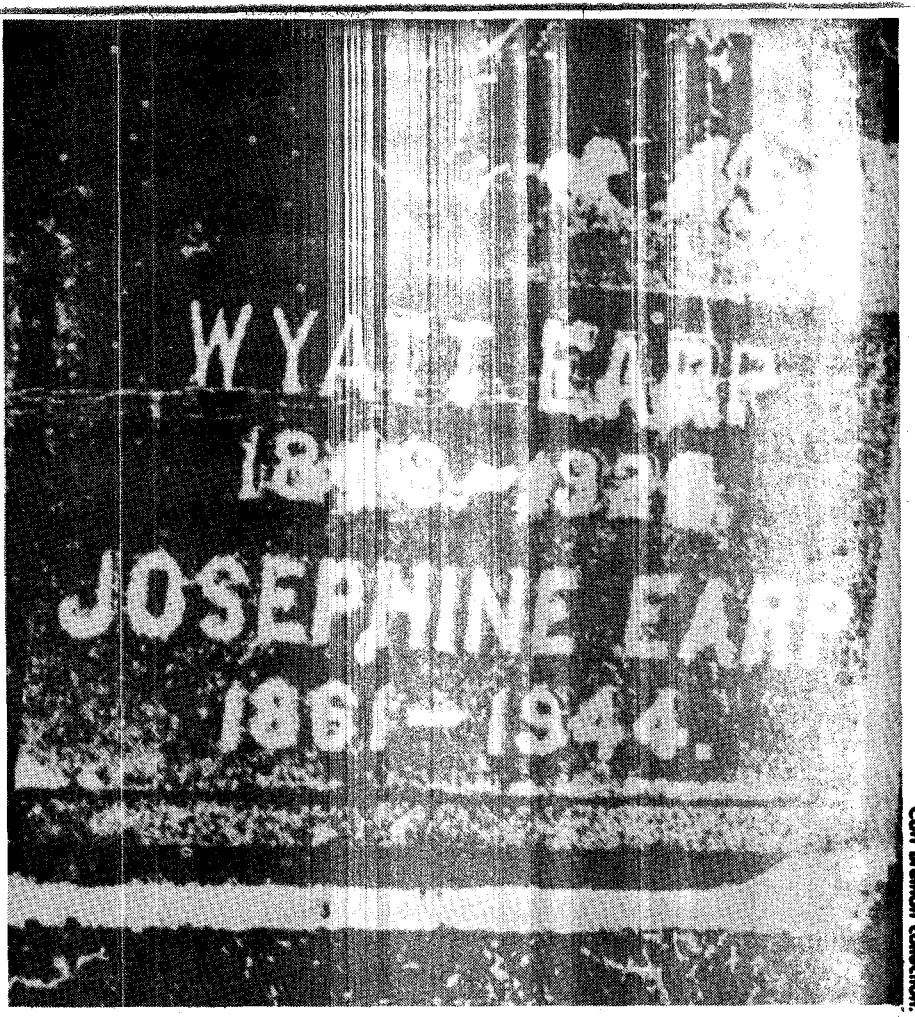
Let's see now if I can explain why I chose those particular twelve out of the hundreds of other badmen and gunfighters.

My first choice of the twelve was a Texan, John Wesley Hardin, with a record of 47 killings and perhaps more. As Hardin's first victim was credited to him when Wes was only 14 (he afterwards spent 17 years and 8 months a prisoner), his actuall killing period was only about 12 years, eleven in which he killed 47 men.

Just a word about Hardin. He was born in Fannin County, Texas on May 26, 1853; he was killed by John Selman in the Acme Saloon in El Paso on August 19, 1895. He spent 17 years in prison and 14 years of his life on the inactive list, a time when he did not kill anyone. Thus his killing period was only 11 years or so. His yearly average of killings was 4.27, and I do not believe any other gunman of Hardin's time, before or after, made such an impressive record.

My second choice would be William Longley, also a Texan, born in Austin County, Oct. 6, 1851, and hanged at Giddings, Texas Oct. 11, 1877. Thus Longley had only 26 years in which to kill some 32 men, the number of credits usually accorded him. Bill, like Hardin, was about 15 when he killed his first victim, allowing him 10 years or so in which to kill 32 men for a yearly average of 3.20.

Both Hardin and Longley were conscience-less killers and as utterly devoid of all feelings as an animal would be. They knew each other and met casually on several occasions. Each man respected the other's gunslinging ability too much to start anything; perhaps it was just a simple case of one being afraid of the other. This statement probably would be challenged, since both Hardin and Longley were known to fear nothing on this earth.



Carl Breihan collection.

Headstone of Wyatt and Josephine Earp in a Jewish graveyard at Colman, So. San Francisco. The burial spot was kept secret for almost 30 years.

The next choice of my twelve greatest gunmen, though not necessarily number three, is Cullen Montgomery Baker, who was born in Weakly County, Tennessee, on June 22, 1835. This sadistic, brutal murderer was an ignorant backwoodsman, judging from the accounts he gave of his own life ... half insane. Some of his killings, even of inoffensive women and children, were absolutely unprovoked and seemingly without rhyme or reason.

Baker was an expert with both rifle and pistol, and it is said he pioneered the art of shooting from the hip. He was the first to perfect the quick draw and was said to have been an expert at "pistology" at the early age of 16.

Baker was killed on January 6, 1869, and in the short span of his 34 years, his credits — men, women, and children — numbered 32. As he did not gain his first notch until his 19th birthday, that gave him but 14 years in which to kill his 32 victims, for a yearly average of 4.37. Bill Longley, the man I have chosen as the number two killer, was a pupil of Baker and perfected his pistol work under the "Swamp Rat of Sulphur," as Baker was known. Truly a devil was Cullen Baker.

Now the reader can take it from there with the assurance that in his choice of the next 9, to complete his Twelve Greatest Gunslicks, his guess is just as good as anyone else; after all, it is only a matter of personal opinion.

My guess would be: Wild Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid, Cherokee Bill, Wyatt Earp, Ben Thompson, King Fisher, Clay Allison, Doc Holliday, and John Slaughter.

Of course, this leaves out many whom others may have thought of as being in the first dozen, and I, for one, will not argue the point. Certainly there are many who will disagree with me in my choice of the twelve. However, as stated before, there is no way by which it can be shown who the 12 were, so again, it is purely a matter of personal opinion.

It is an interesting study and a safe bet to make that if 20 men were asked to make a choice of the 12, there would very likely be 20 different opinions. Pick yours! ●RW

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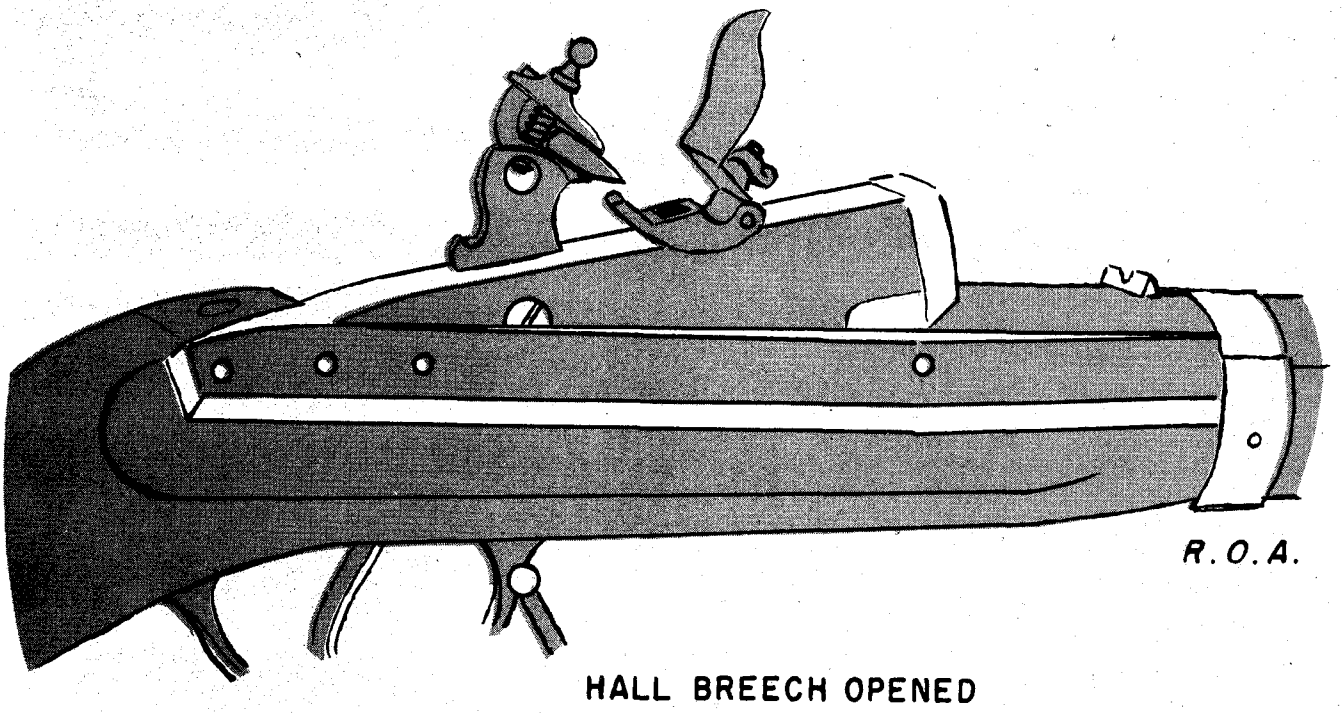
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



HALL BREECH OPENED

Of the early attempts to perfect a breechloading arm in the flintlock era, very few were ever produced in any quantity, contributing to their rarity today. Some barely got beyond the experimental stage. Others were too fragile or too complicated to become popular. Those that did not develope serious mechanical flaws were too expensive to win wide acceptance.

Two outstanding exceptions to this were the Hall rifle and the Ferguson rifle. We will cover the interesting Ferguson later in this series, as it played an important part in our nation's history.

Both of these early breechloaders were flintlocks; both were made under military contracts. As entire regiments were supplied with them, many were manufactured and their fame spread. As usual, with the better military small arms, as soon as these models became obsolete, they were in instant demand by civilians for use on the westward-moving frontier. The frontiersman's life depended upon his weapons, so he was often quicker to accept new and improved designs than were his more "civilized" brethren back east.

The first Hall breechloader to see widespread use was the U.S. Rifle, Model 1819.

On May 21, 1811, the Hall patent was obtained by John H. Hall of Portland, Maine. This was destined to become the first mass-produced breechloading arm ever adopted as regulation by any nation in the world. Previously there had only been a few breechloaders issued to European troops on an experimental basis, none of which became regulation models.

John Hall's original rifles were more slender than subsequent models and somewhat resembled the light, brass-trimmed Kentucky rifles of that period. His first actual contract rifle, however, had evolved into a much more sturdily built arm — thus being more suitable for hard military service.

While any original Hall rifle is a very valuable collector's item today, one of those slender first ones is worth a small fortune.

Right after the War of 1812, Hall convinced the U.S. Army Ordnance Department that they should field-test his rifles for military service. So superior did they prove to the smooth-bore muskets of that day, that even the ultra-conservative Ordnance Department had to admit their advantages.

Greater speed and convenience in loading was only one of these advantages. By being able to use a ball slightly larger than bore size, more

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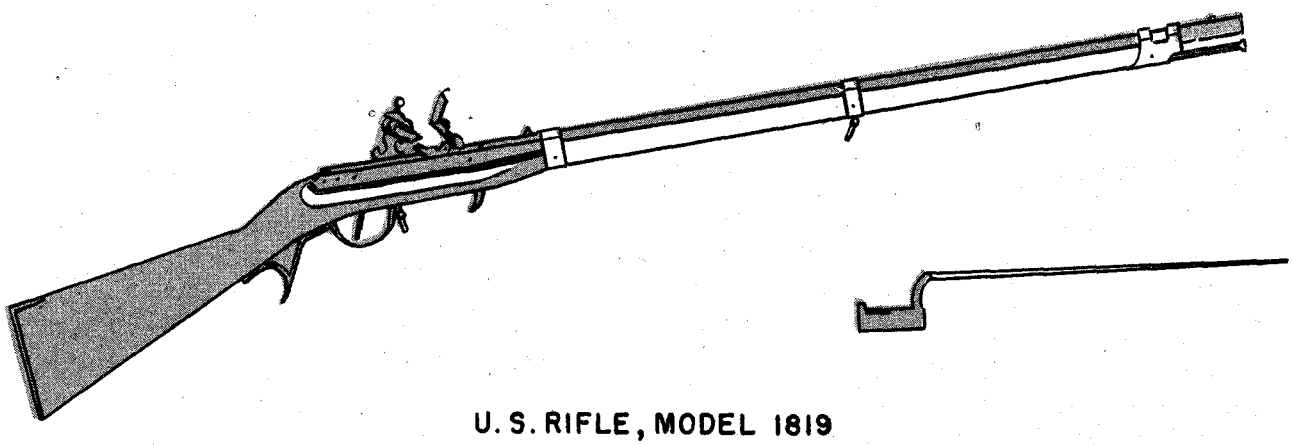
HALL BREECHLOADING FLINTLOCK RIFLE



U. S. RIFLE, MODEL 1819
(HALL'S PATENT)

Sketched by author

power and longer range was obtained with a conventional powder charge. The rifles were more accurate than muskets, without the drawback of slower loading which had previously prevented rifles from gaining military acceptance. They also were easier to clean than a muzzleloader.

One field test which clinched official opinion in their favor was the water test. Water was poured directly into the chamber of a loaded Hall rifle, completely soaking the loose powder. Within less than a minute, the wet powder was wiped out, a dry charge was substituted, and the rifle was fired without a hitch. To draw a wet load from a muzzleloader required much more time, plus special tools, making it impractical to attempt during a battle.

Hall's breechloading design — quite different from Ferguson's — consisted of a breech block which pivoted vertically upon a lateral pin at the rear. When it was rushed up, the chamber was exposed in the front of the breech block. Powder and then a ball were loaded directly into the chamber, the block snapped down into position, and the flintlock was primed in the top of the movable block. Quick and simple.

Though there was some gas leakage at the front of the breech block, this was held to a minimum by good design and precision fitting of parts.

Hall's first actual government contract was in 1817 for 100 rifles to be used for more extensive field tests. On March 19, 1819, an order for another 1000 rifles was received.

These were made at Harpers Ferry, in a separate plant adjacent to the famous armory. They were manufactured under the direct supervision of John Hall. Other contracts followed, and by 1840, about 19,680 Hall rifles had been made at Harpers Ferry.

A significant point about this rifle is that it was the first one ever produced with complete interchangeability of parts — a concept ahead of its time.

Later, a contract for Hall rifles was also filled by Simeon North at Middletown, Conn. Including some carbine models, nearly 60,000 Hall arms were produced by 1852.

Many were converted to percussion and issued during the Civil War. Some Halls were also altered to muzzleloaders by the Confederacy.

After that war, our first official adopted breechloader enjoyed yet another rebirth, as hundreds of Halls joined the rush to the raw frontier on the saddles of discharged veterans and other settlers. ●RW

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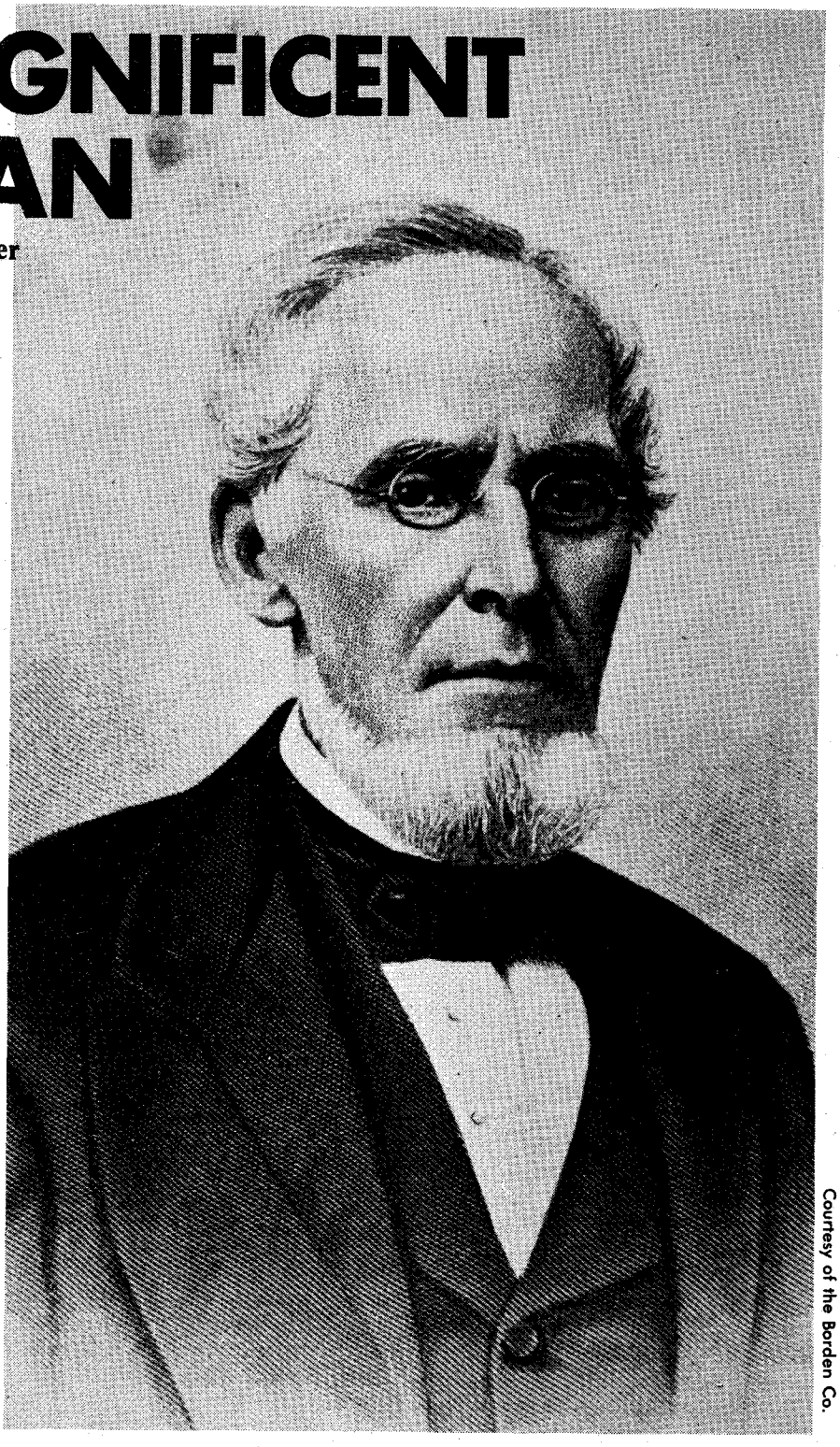
THE MAGNIFICENT MILKMAN

by Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

Gail Borden got his start in Texas in the early days of the Texas Republic. He invested in land, he was a surveyor, and he kept inventing things like a "terraqueous machine." But he also developed a practical method to condense milk, and it made him a fortune!



Courtesy of the Borden Co.

Gail Borden, Jr.

A colorful and familiar figure around Galveston during the days of the Republic of Texas was a tall, spare, stooped individual wearing clothes that never quite fit, with an air about him of intense but kindly abstraction.

More than anything else, he looked like a misplaced Vermont deacon down on his luck, with sharp features, a high forehead, greying hair and a thin beard. He was something of a local character, and as such, shared the fate of every enthusiastic individualist: some people thought he was just plain crazy.

But to Gail Borden, who lived a rich private existence in a wonderful world inside his head, popular opinion was somewhat beside the point. Life was full of opportunities, even to help those who laughed at him. He would do it some day, he never doubted, and then the scoffers who sneered at balmy old "Uncle Gail" Borden would have reason to bless his name.

This amiable eccentric had already led an exciting life, fully measuring up to a unique heritage of independence and enterprise. Borden was born in Norwich, New York, on November 9, 1801, the son of Gail and Philadelphia Wheeler Borden. His father's family had sprung from one Richard Borden, who came to the American colonies in 1637, looking for religious freedom; his mother was a direct descendant of the great Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island and a spirited lifelong dissident

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in all matters of church and state.

Gail Borden, Sr., had the true pioneer spirit, and with it the chronic case of itchy feet, a restlessness that sets a man to wandering from homestead to homestead, never satisfied in one place for very long. Accordingly, the family moved to Kentucky and Indiana while young Gail was growing up, the oldest of a batch of five sons and daughters. What with moving, farming, and helping his father do some surveying for other people, the boy had scarcely any chance for schooling, but may have picked up a year or two of it in Indiana. In any case, someone taught him to read and to write fluently — probably his parents.

The life of a pioneer suited young Gail Borden, but the weather in Indiana did not. In fact, he developed a hacking cough that sounded suspicious to a local doctor, who strongly recommended that the boy move to a warmer climate at once. So in 1822, Gail and his brother Tom headed down the Mississippi to seek their fortunes, little dreaming of the amazing adventures that lay around the last bend of the great river.

Their destination was New Orleans, but once there they went separate ways, Tom succumbing to the lure of Texas as one of Stephen Austin's original colonists, and Gail remaining behind to look around for some way to support himself. Although he was now a young man of 21, he had a serious problem: his health was too poor for the only trades he knew, farming and surveying. He would have to find some work he could handle while getting his strength back; he therefore rejoiced when he landed a teaching job in Amite County, Mississippi.

Every day the long, skinny schoolmaster would jog to and from the schoolhouse, and before many months had passed, he was well enough to do some surveying on the side and to pay court to a beautiful local girl, Penelope Mercer. By the time they were married in February of 1828, the bridegroom was the official county surveyor with good prospects for the future.

New York, April 1, 1858.

THE NEW YORK CONDENSED MILK COMPANY,

Recently organized under the laws of this State, is prepared to furnish to the citizens of New York and Brooklyn,

At their Dwellings,

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK,

Patent Issued August 19th, 1856.

It is prepared at Burrville, Litchfield County, Conn., under the Supervision of Mr. BORDEN, the Patentee.

Nothing is added, and no valuable property is removed. The process simply consists in evaporating in *vacuo*, from the milk when PERFECTLY FRESH, nearly all its watery portion—about seventy-five gallons from every hundred gallons in its original state.

When properly sealed it will keep for years: *not sealed*, it remains good *under ice* for many days; combined with refined sugar in due proportions, it will keep without sealing or ice. When exposed to the influence of hot, damp weather, unsealed, and without ice, it may continue sweet but little longer than common milk, and we, therefore, recommend it *in this state* only for immediate use.

It is prepared for use by adding water until the taste is suited. Its richness may be varied indefinitely.

1½ parts to 1 of the Condensed Milk, will equal CREAM.

4 quarts to 1 make 5 quarts rich milk.

6 quarts to 1 make 7 quarts fair milk.

When diluted 5 or 6 to 1, a very little salt corrects the freshness of the water and improves the taste.

When the Condensed Milk is a few days old, "sugar of milk" may appear in the form of small grains, and sometimes making a slight deposit on the bottom of the can: it dissolves readily in water or upon the tongue. Its presence demonstrates that the milk had undergone no change before or during the process. When the can is opened, it should remain open, and only a *dry* spoon should be used in removing it.

ITS USES.

This milk is applicable to all the purposes of other fresh milk. By properly graduating its strength, equally rich Pudding, Custard, Cake, etc., may be had, using one-half the usual quantity of eggs and butter.

For Ice Cream, Cream Syrup, and for all other purposes for which cream is desirable, this article will be found excellent.

In diluting for ICE CREAM, about 1½ parts water to one should be used.

If from neglect of our directions, or from too long keeping, the Condensed Milk becomes acid, it is not reduced in value for pastry, and for many other purposes.

Its purity and nutritive qualities have induced some of our leading physicians to recommend its use for infants and feeble children, and always with the most beneficial results.

The first question generally asked, is, how long will it keep? In the state as sold in the city, for daily use, it is not intended for long keeping. If, however, the same care is taken, as with common milk, it is warranted to keep twice as long; it will probably remain sweet much longer.

No necessity exists for daily deliveries—it will therefore never be served on *Sunday*.

There may occur variations in the consistency of the milk, which will perhaps suggest the inquiry, whether it is always of equal richness. The proportion of water evaporated is *always* the same. The difference in density is due to slight variations in the heating process: that which is too dense will be found to bear no more water than that which is more fluid—it will be the aim of the company to furnish it at a *uniform* consistency.

The milk will be delivered either in tins, or will be measured at the dwelling from a large can, into such vessel as the consumer may provide.

It should be kept in a *cool* place and should NOT be covered closely.

Attention scarcely need be called to the necessity of having the vessel *thoroughly cleansed in hot water*.

Price, 25 Cents per Quart,—Tickets for quarts, pints, and half-pints, may be had at the Depot, or of the Drivers.

Courtesy of the Borden Co.

Ad for Borden's Condensed Milk, 1858

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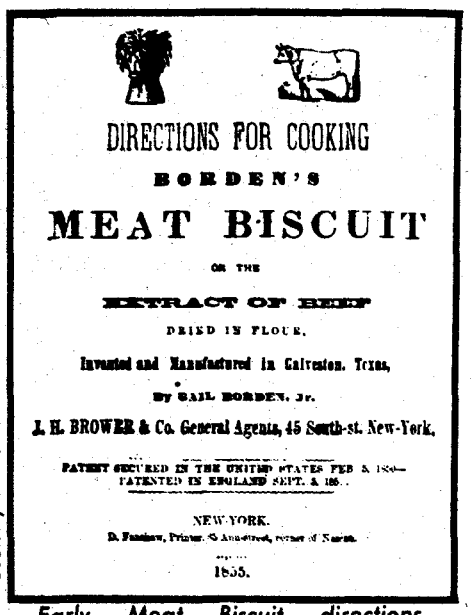

DIRECTIONS FOR COOKING

BORDEN'S

MEAT BISCUIT

OR THE

EXTRACT OF BEEF

DRIED IN FLOUR.

Invented and Manufactured in Galveston, Texas,

BY GAIL BORDEN, Jr.

J. H. BROWER & Co. General Agents, 45 South-st. New-York.

PATENT SECURED IN THE UNITED STATES FEB 5 1856—
PATENTED IN ENGLAND SEPT. 5 185.

NEW-YORK.

1855.

Courtesy of the Borden Co.

Early Meat Biscuit directions pamphlet cover.

But restlessness was in the Borden soul. Tom's letters were full of enthusiasm about the good land the Mexican government was almost giving away in Texas, and Gail was weakening. When his father decided to emigrate to the new territory, Gail thought he would go see for himself what all the shouting was about. The result was that he and Penelope, who was expecting their first child, left for Texas late in 1829; the baby, born on the trail on Christmas Eve, was a daughter appropriately named Mary.

What Tom had written was true: the Mexican government had welcomed American settlers with open arms — for a while. But when the number had grown alarmingly, the shaky home government began to worry. Americans had a dangerous fondness for independence and might get some foolish notion about cutting their settlement loose from Mexico. Panicky government officials reacted rashly, pushing through harsh, unreasonable regulations which had the effect of galvanizing American resistance, and the year after Gail and his family arrived, a serious clash seemed inevitable.

Gail had already begun to prosper in the new country. Although he preferred surveying to stock raising or farming, he invested in extensive land holdings and worked long hours every day to build on his good beginning. But his blood was fired like everyone else's when two of Austin's colonists were thrown into jail just for criticizing government policies. When a group of American Texans gathered in 1832 to draft some resolutions, he was there, signing his name in a bold hand to many subsequent documents that led the way to independence.

Serving as the colony's trusted surveyor, Borden grew very close to Stephen Austin, with ties of affection as well as loyalty. Austin was chosen to carry the first Texas constitution — which Borden had helped to write — to the Mexican government, and instead was thrown into prison. It was Borden who carried on the colony's administrative functions with such scrupulous honesty that Austin later wrote another friend confidentially, "... who can I trust? I know of no one but Gail Borden. He can be trusted, for he is conscientiously an honest man."

In 1834 Gail and Tom Borden decided to establish a newspaper, along with their other interests. The purpose was twofold: to make some money and to help the Texan cause by providing a reliable means of communication for the Americans. The *Telegraph And Texas Register* began publication on October 10, 1835, and throughout the Revolution was the voice of Texas, although the editors had to scramble a few times to avoid capture. On one occasion, Santa Anna's soldiers moved in quickly and took the printing press, which had been hastily abandoned. The Mexicans unceremoniously dumped it in a nearby river, burying the "voice of Texas" in the mud, but the resourceful Borden found another one somewhere and resumed publication.

By this time Tom was off doing battle, but Gail resisted all pressure to go, filling his pages instead with news of the war to the classic rallying cry, "Remember the Alamo!" and with contemporary verses like this one, set to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":

"St. Anna did a notion take, that he
must rule the land, sir:
"The church and he forthwith agree
to publish the command, sir.
"In Mexico none shall be free-
"The people are too blind to see;
"They cannot share the liberty
"Of Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Gail Borden was often criticized for refusing to fight, but he kept at his newspaper and responded characteristically by remarking to Austin, "my maxim is to do the best for my country, praise or no praise." When the war was over, though he had never in fact carried a gun, Borden was recognized as a leading citizen of the new Republic, and in 1838 was appointed the first Collector of the Port of Galveston, a post he held on and off for several years.

Meanwhile the Borden clan had both grown and diminished. Little Mary had died in 1833, a crushing loss to both Gail and Penelope, but they now had two sons, Henry Lee and Stephen Austin, and a daughter, Philadelphia, who was named for Gail's mother. Borden had managed to hang onto most of his property, and had already run through half a dozen careers. When he was removed from the Collector's job after a series of arguments with Sam Houston, he began selling as well as buying real estate, and had more time to diddle with some unusual inventions he had been thinking about. The family grew as Penelope gave birth to another daughter, Mary Jane, and two more sons, Morton and John Gail, their youngest child who was always his father's favorite.

Things seemed to be sailing along for the lively Borden clan until the dreaded yellow fever swept away young Stephen in March of 1844. Penelope caught it, too, and after a struggle she died in September of the same year, leaving Gail feeling lost and desolate; she had always loved and believed in him. When his son Morton died at age twelve just two years later, Borden began to immerse himself more and more in his private world of the mind, wearing ragged clothes, forgetting to eat, and fooling around with a yard full of what looked like wrecked machinery and assorted debris. A second marriage, designed to provide a mother for his youngsters, proved unsuccessful when the new Mrs. Borden ridiculed her husband for wasting his time on wacky inventions. This union ended in separation, and the surviving Borden children were sent away to a Shaker school in upstate New York.

One of Borden's first — and most hilarious — inventions was his "terraqueous machine", an amphibious craft drawn by horses on land and powered by a sail on the water. When it was finally ready to test, "Uncle Gail" invited a lively group of young people to a special midnight banquet at his home, to be followed by a spin in the new machine, which he was deliberately testing in the dark to keep it from being seen by the public. The banquet was something of a shock to the guests, as it consisted solely of weird processed "foods" Borden had been experimenting with: such gourmet delights as bread made from bone meal instead of flour; butter made of lard churned in milk; custard coated with blood powder; and cakes fashioned of animal hides that had been soaked in acid and cooked in syrup.

For some reason, the guests

(continued on page 55)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Q. I am looking for a copy of the novelette WOLF TRAIL as it appeared in RANCH ROMANCES magazine around 1929-1933. Even RANCH ROMANCES magazine could not help me. J. L. Prshek, Lidgerwood, N.D.
A. We're sorry, but we can't help you either, Mr. Prshek, but perhaps one of our readers can.

Q. In your May 1975 issue there is a picture of the Custer monument. Was Captain T. W. Custer related to General Custer? Are all of the names of the men killed on this monument? Also, are there any living relatives of Custer's? K. Coburn, Dos Palos, Calif.
A. Captain T. W. Custer was Custer's brother. All of the names are on the monument. As recently as seven years ago, to our knowledge, there were two grand-nephews of Custer alive.

Q. What was a "road brand"? V. Coelho, Lancaster, Ohio.
A. When a herd was being assembled for the trail, oftentimes there were cattle owned by several ranchers included; this would be confusing because large ranchers owned cattle with two or three brands on them. To obviate this confusion and to uniformly identify the herd, the animals were run through a chute and branded lightly with a bar or slash on the shoulder, side or hip. This was "road branding."

Q. I am a high school student very interested in Indians and all about them. I have read many books, but I feel there are or were Indians not covered by the books. What were some Indian tribes other than the well-known Sioux, Cherokee, Blackfeet, Cheyenne, etc.? L. Brownell, Hammond, Ind.
A. There were and are many Indian tribes who are not too well known, except to professional anthropologists and sociologists, because they did not play a dramatic part in our history. In the Northwest, for instance, we have the Haida, Nootka, Coast Salish, Tsimshian, Okinagan, Tlingit, Wishram, and Makah. In California, the Pomo, Yurok, Chumash, and many more. The Southwest, Plains and Eastern tribes are more well known. We suggest an excellent book for you, AMERICA AND ITS INDIANS, by Dr. Jerome E. Leavitt, published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York, in 1962.

Q. I recently read where some Indians ate acorns. How could they? They're so bitter. V. Blanc, St. Cloud, Minn.
A. Before eating, they mashed them and strained boiling water through them innumerable times.

Q. I've always been interested in the Old West, and in my retirement I'm planning, as a hobby, to collect Western memorabilia. What items do other collectors collect? L. Costello, Santa Cruz, Calif.
A. Branding irons are a popular item (Harry "Hap" Magee of Danville, Calif. is said to have America's largest collection); some people collect samples of barbed wire (two valuable types are Charles Glidden's patent number 157124, and Jacob Haish's "S" type, patent number 167240); old Western newspapers, sheriff or marshal badges, authenticated "wanted" posters, letters, etc. Actually, anything connected with the Old West is interesting and sometimes valuable.

Q. Where did the early cowboy get his reading material? There were no libraries or book stores. C. Gillen, Mankato, Minn.
A. Cowboys smoked a lot of hand-rolled cigarettes, and the tobacco bags contained coupons which could be redeemed for books.

Q. Was Custer popular with the enlisted men under his command? B. Korr, Gretna, La.
A. Alas, no! Despite the motion pictures' interpretation, the enlisted men under Custer hated him for his brutal and pointless marches. Their nickname for him was "Hard Posterior," although they did not say it exactly that way.

Q. In a recent column you said that Captain Fetterman (of Fetterman's Massacre) and Lieutenant Brown committed suicide. Actually, they killed each other. D. Lemmo, Oak Ridge, Tenn.
A. Witnesses at the scene after the massacre determined that Fetterman and Brown, in evident desperate agreement, placed their pistols at each other's head and fired simultaneously. We would call this a suicide agreement.

Q. How was Army discipline during the Indian Wars? K. Guelden, Tulsa, Ok.
A. Army discipline during the Indian troubles was harsh and arbitrary. The death penalty was proscribed for at least twelve offenses, including striking an officer, and sleeping on guard duty. A man missing roll call was fined a month's pay or confined for a month in the guardhouse, or both. Custer sometimes sentenced men to be confined in a fifteen-foot-deep hole covered with boards. Drunk or insubordinate men were forced to march all day, carrying a 30- or 40-pound log. Sometimes they were strung up by the wrists or thumbs. A deserter (recaptured, of course) was sometimes made to wear a 25-pound ball and chain on his ankle for months. There was a great division between officers and men: the officers spoke to the sergeants and the sergeants spoke to the men. There was, occasionally, some camaraderie in the stress of action, but usually, any interest or kindness by an officer to a man was "noblesse oblige," very seldom any personal interest. Army posts large enough to have schools had two: one for officers' children and one for enlisted mens' offspring.

Q. What exactly was a bull whip? What was it made of? M. Guadet, Ogden, Utah.
A. It was a long, woven whip attached to a handle of hickory or white ash 3 feet long. At the butt, each lash, which was attached to the stock by a soft strip of buckskin, formed a loop and was frequently more than 1 inch thick. The lashes were from 18 inches to more than 10 feet long and graduated in thickness to the tip, which was the thickness of a lead pencil. The number of strands in a bull whip was also graduated. At the butt there were as many strands as the maker could weave, often fourteen. At the tip, this number was reduced to six. From the top down to six or eight feet from the end, the whip was made of leather, often old boot tops. The rest was made of tough buckskin or elk skin. ● RW

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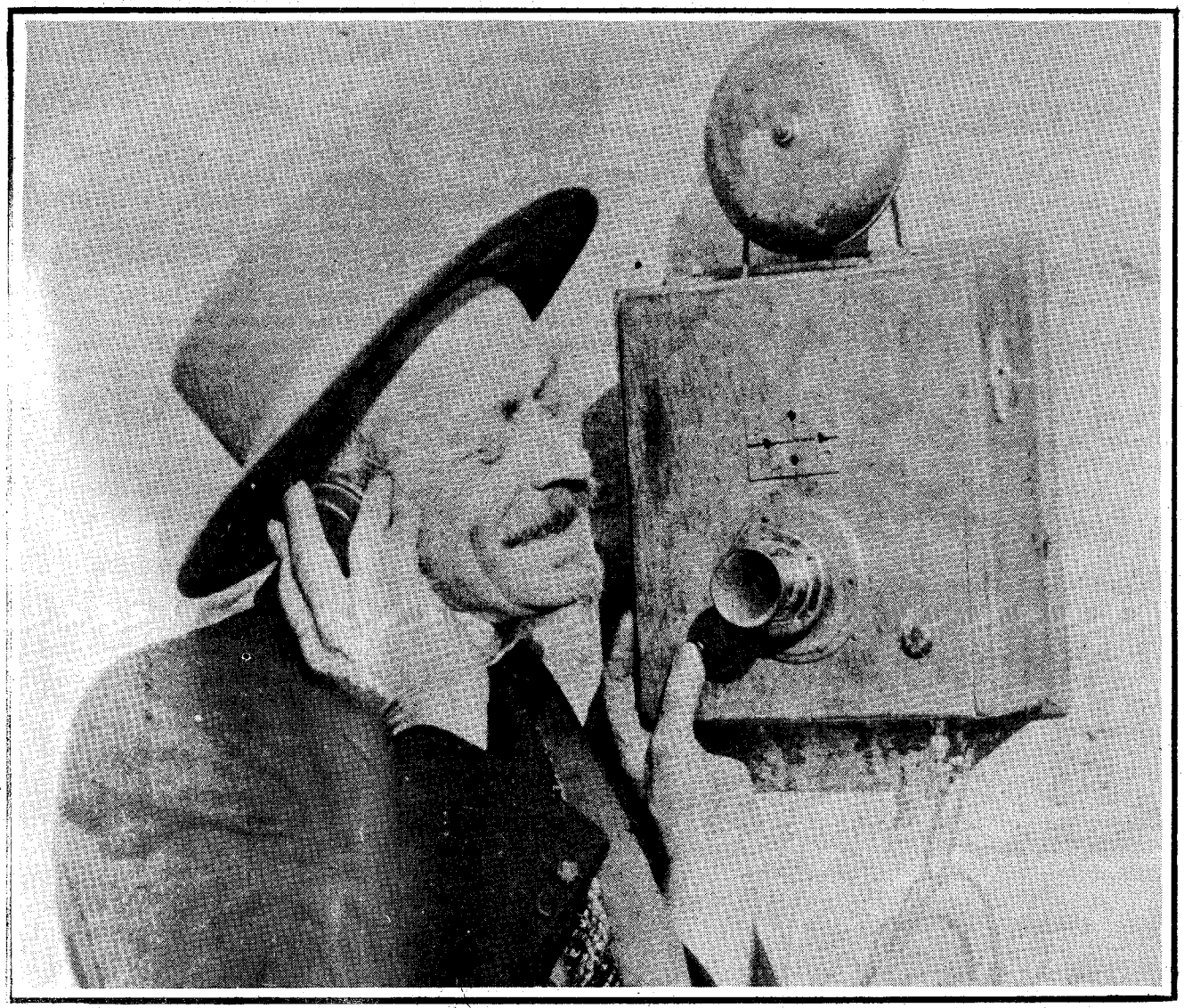
THE CORRAL, THE TELEPHONE, THE DAM

by Ruth Mepham Shaw

A fascinating and authentic account of the town of French Corral in Northern California from its birth in 1849 to the present time. The roles played by the Corral, the Telephone, and the Dam are detailed in this truly historical chronicle.



California State Library, Sacramento, Calif.

Garbed in forty-niner style, H.C. Peterson, curator of Sutter's Fort museum in Sacramento, is pictured using telephone originally connected to the first long - distance telephone line on the Pacific Coast, built in 1878 from French Corral, Calif., to several control stations along a hydraulic mining canal.

THE CORRAL

In the year 1849, a Frenchman built a corral for his mules within the rugged recesses of the San Juan Ridge, between the Middle and South Yuba Rivers, on the slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, in the Mother Lode country of Northern California. The location was two thousand feet above sea level, in tall pines, low chapparal, and a pleasant climate.

The corral had been scarcely erected in the quiet paradise, when rich placer gold was discovered on the San Juan Ridge. The town of French Corral was born, and grew into a city sheltering thousands of gold seekers. In 1852 a post office was established. In 1853 the town had seventy houses, two hotels, one store, a bakery, a saloon, and a school house. Real property sold for one dollar a

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front foot.

The buildings were destroyed by fires several times, the fate of many mountain towns in those days. After each fiery disaster, new buildings were quickly erected. In 1855 a new hotel was built. In 1876 the schoolhouse burned to the ground. The hotel was then given to the town to serve as a school. The upper story was removed, and the lower floor was remodeled.

The ladies of French Corral baked and sold pies and cakes in a gallant effort to raise money for a school bell. The miners were generous, and an order for the bell was placed with a New York foundry. Two hundred silver dollars were cast in the bell. It was christened "Silver Bell" by the residents of French Corral, and it became famous for its pure, sweet tone.

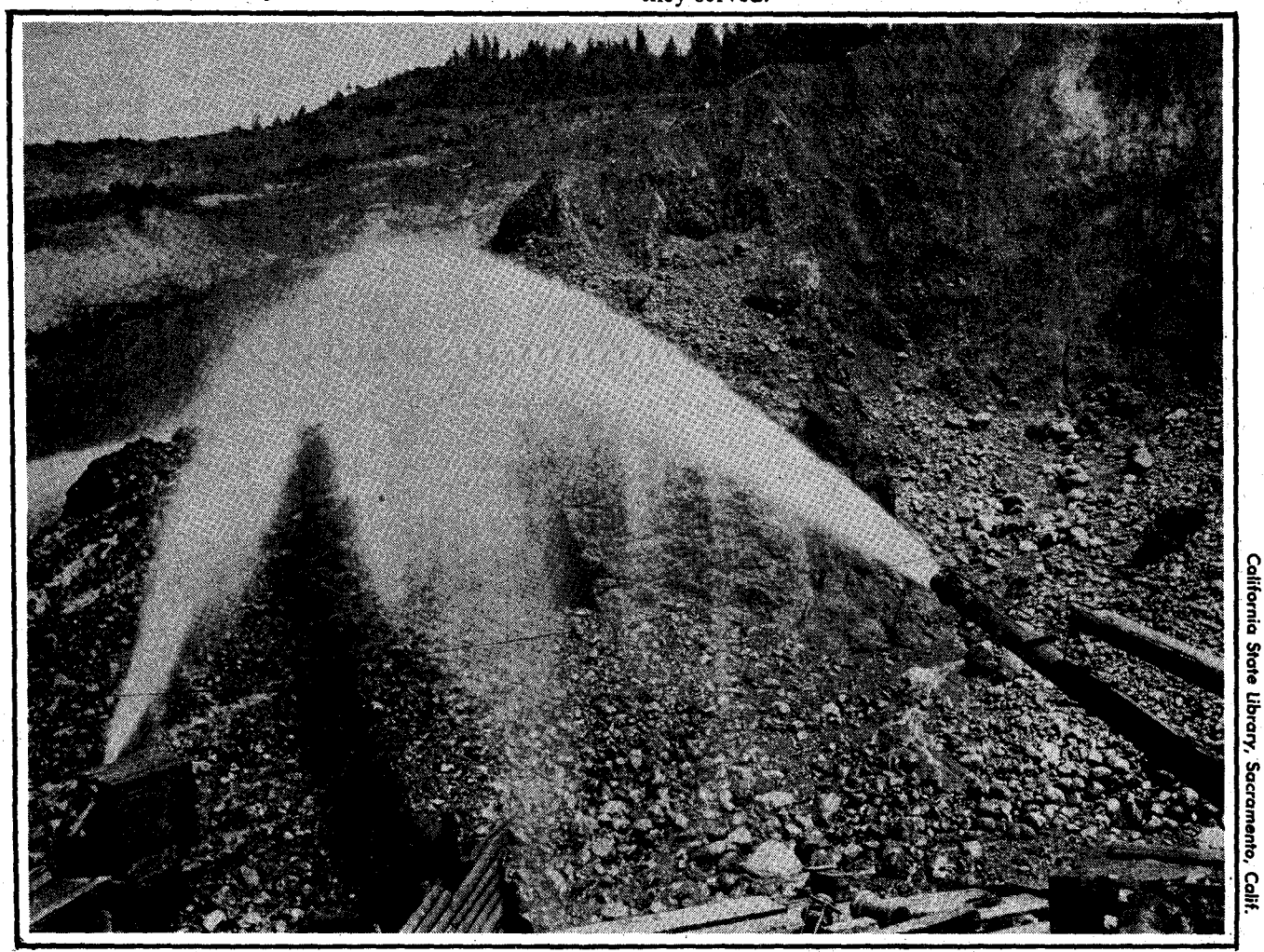
Nearly a century after the hotel schoolhouse had been constructed, the building and bell were ordered sold at auction by Nevada County officials. They were saved through the generosity of Mrs. Reno Thatcher, whose mother, Cora Moulton, had attended school in the building. It is now a historical monument. A few tourists make the gentle, curving trip into the lonely mountain town. Occasionally, visits are made by descendants of mothers, fathers, uncles, aunts and cousins who went to the school there in the gold mining days.

Dances, held as family social events, were also a popular use of the school building. Romances bloomed on the dance floor. My mother, born in French Corral, and my father, born in Goodyear Bar, met at one of the dances. On June 29, 1905, they were married in the city of San Francisco, where my mother then lived.

THE TELEPHONE

In the late 1870's, three great hydraulic mining companies were in operation on the San Juan Ridge: the Milton Mining and Water Company of French Corral, the Eureka Lakes and Yuba Canal Company of North San Juan, and the North Bloomfield Blue Gravel Mining Company of North Bloomfield. Some of the mines were nearly sixty miles from the high Sierra reservoirs which held water for the hydraulic mining operations. In late summer, water in the lower areas was scarce, and control over the ditch systems carrying the water to the mines was a serious problem. A system was needed that would release upper water quickly, in order that the gold mining season could be prolonged.

The voice of Alexander Graham Bell, on the speaking machine he had invented on the Atlantic seacoast, was heard in French Corral. Two and one half years later, the world's first long-distance telephone line was built by the large gold mining operators' newly formed Ridge Telephone Company. The California Electrical Works in San Francisco was commissioned by the Ridge Telephone Company to build a sixty-mile line. It was in operation before December 1, 1878. The line ran from French Corral, the headquarters for the telephone company, through Sweetland, Sebastopol, North San Juan, Cherokee, North Columbia, Malskoff, North Bloomfield, Bloody Run, Moore's Flat, Eureka, and to Milton by way of Weaver Lake. Above Eureka, one line branched off to Faucherie. There were twenty-two stations on the line. Twenty of the stations were toll stations, located in the post office buildings in the towns they served.



Gold mine, hydraulic, Trinity, Co.

California State Library, Sacramento, Calif.

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In 1880, a long-distance telephone line was built between Boston, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island, forty-five miles in length. The line was unsuccessful and was soon torn down.

The Ridge Telephone line was in operation for more than twenty years. The first year it operated at a loss, possibly continuing that way for all of its time. But the hydraulic gold mining operators were interested only in the convenience of the telephones. The lines meant immediate control from the mines, over the ditches that carried rivers of water down the ridge.

A printed list of rules was posted near each of the telephones on the line. A message, or dispatch, was written on a form provided by the telephone company and handed to the operator, who delivered it over the telephone. Twenty words could be sent for fifty cents, each additional twenty words, or less, for twenty-five cents. The minimum message, not more than ten words, cost twenty-five cents. Each additional two words, or less, cost twenty-five cents. In those golden days, anything less than twenty-five cents, or "two-bits," was regarded as "chicken feed." The rules further instructed that idle talking was not permitted, as the use of the line exhausted the battery power. A severe warning was also posted; "The use of obscene or profane language through the telephone is strictly prohibited."

Before the construction of the telephone line, horseback messengers had carried instructions to the ditch tenders for regulation of the flow of water to the mines, causing long delays in the hydraulic mining operations. Water was needed to flow swiftly through the ditches to the mines, where it was nozzled from big monitors under tremendous pressure. Entire hills were washed away in the fabulous search for gold.

THE DAM

About 1858 the English Dam was constructed by the Milton Mining and Water Company, near the headwaters of the Middle Yuba River. It was of crib design and was built of logs. Seventeen years later, the Milton Company strengthened and raised the dam by putting a deep facing of rock on the outside and a stone lining on the inside. The dam was about four hundred feet long, and one hundred and twenty five feet high at the center. The reservoir behind the dam had a capacity of 650,000,000 cubic feet of water and served eighty miles of ditches, leading to the Company's hydraulic mines at Badger Hill, Manzanita Hill, Birchville, and French Corral.

In the early Monday morning of June 18, 1883, a frantic message awakened all operators on the stations of the Ridge Telephone lines:

"The English Dam broke this morning at five o'clock, warn everyone along the Middle Yuba River!"

A watchman had reached the dam a few minutes before the break and later reported:

"It started by carrying off the wooden upper portion, then gradually crumbling the rest, stones and all, until nothing was left but the site."

The water emptied from the dam in an hour and a half. The ditch superintendent, who called the warning to all stations on the telephone line, gave his estimates of the approximate times the one - hundred - foot wall of roaring water would reach each of the stations.

Three miles below the dam, a house and a barn at Jackson ranch were washed into the valley. Two brothers, operators of the ranch, were in bed at the time of the break and barely escaped with their lives. Six miles below the dam, Tom Fairweather and his bride were able to escape to high ground and to save some of their household furnishings. Twelve miles downstream, the dam waters poured between towering canyon walls. Chinese miners who were working in the canyon were saved by scrambling up the steep sides of the canyon. Two brothers mining in the canyon were swept into the flood, and the elder brother was drowned, despite the heroic efforts of his younger brother to save him. Four miles farther down the canyon, the water roared into a tunnel opening in the northern bank of the river. Several miners inside the tunnel climbed to safety through an air shaft that surfaced above the water.

The racing flood carried away the Eureka Lake Company dam, which was about thirty feet high. The dam had been built to raise the water into the San Juan ditch supplying the American mine at Sweetland. Beyond the dam was a flume which carried water along a sheer cliff for nearly two-thirds of a mile. The waters from the two burst dams destroyed most of the flume, then rushed into Bloody Run canyon. The San Juan ditch crossed the canyon on a trestle eighty feet high, and the towering flood carried away nearly two hundred feet of the flume. At Horseshoe Bend, four Chinese and an Italian were drowned, and at Emory's Crossing, twelve Chinese cabins were carried away.

Freeman's Crossing was three miles farther. Thomas Freeman, an enterprising pioneer, had built a four-span covered bridge over the river, to carry heavy traffic to and from the mines. The bridge was two hundred and forty feet long, resting on piers fifteen feet above the water. The telephone headquarters at French Corral received the warning of the approaching flood at seven-thirty o'clock, and the operator dispatched a messenger on horseback to carry word of the disaster to Thomas Freeman. When he received the message, he guided his blind wife to high ground. He stood at her side and watched with horror the roaring rush of a towering wave of trees, brush and boulders surging around the bend in the river. The debris began to form a dam, and for a few moments Thomas Freeman hoped that his fine bridge might be saved. But the debris gave way minutes after the Downieville stage had been pulled over the bridge by frantic horses, the driver, and the passengers. The stage had moved one hundred yards beyond the bridge when the flood carried the bridge down the river.

Thomas Freeman had built a settlement near his bridge to accommodate travelers, a two-story hotel, a blacksmith shop, a carpenter shop, a barn, and several other buildings. A huge log carried by the flood crashed into the hotel dining room. Sand and other debris left by the on-rushing flood destroyed the main floor in the hotel. The blacksmith shop was swept away without leaving a trace, not even of the two - hundred - pound anvil. Other buildings were partially destroyed and moved from their foundations. A Chinese miner ran to his nearby cabin for his clothing, and was drowned.

An estimated five thousand dollars in gold amalgam, held at the American mine in Sweetland, was swept away. Forty head of cattle disappeared in the flood at Smartsville.

The city of Marysville was warned that the flood could be expected about two o'clock that afternoon. Reckless citizens gathered on the substantial Yuba River Bridge to see the huge wall of water arrive. Bets were made on the probable height of the flood. But when the main flood swept into Linda Township, seven miles east of Marysville, a levee in

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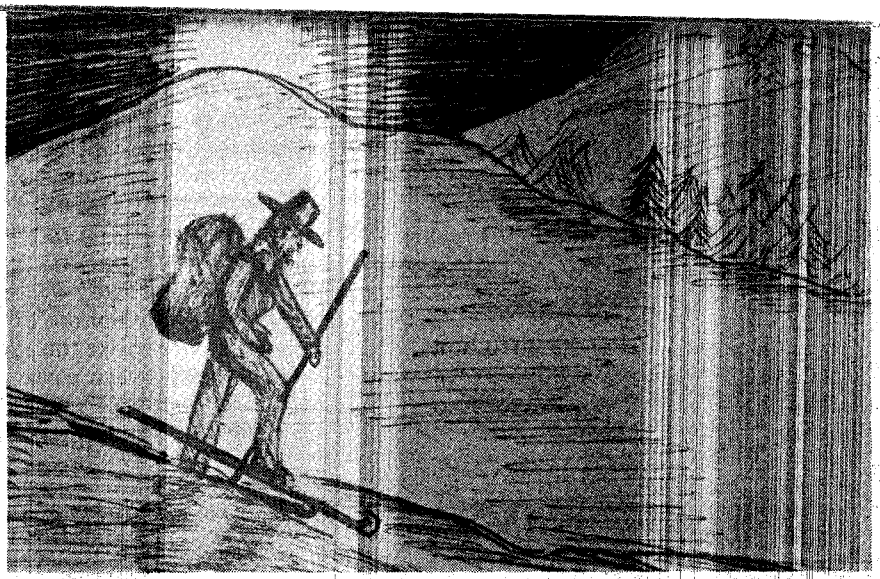

THE UNPAID DEBT For Decades Of Danger

by Clarence M. Fink

Buried somewhere deep in the musty files of the U.S. Post Office Department is an old petition nearing 100 years old. It was signed by the officials of the State of Nevada and of Carson City, recommending the payment of $6,000 for a man who faithfully carried the mail for twenty unrewarded years in super fashion on carved and stout skis with a pole. The man named in the petition was John A. Thompson, a remarkable and daring mailman who defied snowstorms and numerous mountain hazards with 100 pounds of mail on his back in weather that almost stopped every living thing.

A young man from Telemarken, Norway, Thompson left his country in 1837 and came to seek his fortune in America. Sailing around the Horn, he settled in Illinois. Caught up in and intrigued by the lurid tales of the Gold Rush, he trekked to Sacramento in 1848. Although he was brawny and willing in his efforts to locate the precious and eagerly sought metal, Thompson's luck was all bad. He finally gave up his fruitless search and turned to doing odd jobs. When winter came to Placerville, where he finally resided, it left an impassable white wall of snow that shut off any or all routes between the town and the East. The mail had to go by ship around the Horn, or across the Isthmus of Panama.

Thompson's boss, Bill Bradwick, mentioned this fact to him one cold morning. Bradwick was about to dispatch a letter to his wife in Philadelphia.

"Bess will receive this message, if she's lucky, in about three months!"

Thompson looked at the high and snowy Sierras. "Why don't you take this letter over the mountains? Carson City is only 90 miles away from here, and the stage goes straight through to the East regularly."

"There's not a man around that can run mail over those mountains during the winter."

"I'm sure I could," offered Thompson. "Leastways I could give it a try! I'll make a pair of skis and cut me a stout pole." When he had done so, Thompson asked for Bradwick's letter for his delivery.

"What are those funny snowshoes?" demanded Bradwick. Few Westerners had ever seen skis.

"These are what we use in Norway!" insisted Thompson, "They're what we call skis."

"Snowhoes I call them!" implied Bradwick. "But damn it, man, you'll freeze to death up there."

"I'll take my chances on that!"

Dawn broke over Placerville and "Snowshoe" Thompson was on his way. No one in town expected to see him again. They wrote him off as young and foolhardy. Someone had given him a revolver. Six days later, Thompson surprised everyone by appearing from nowhere during a snowstorm that whipped over the town. Immediately he contacted the postmaster of Placerville and contracted with him to run a regular mail route on a trial basis to Carson City and back. When it was possible to establish a regular route, he would receive $200 a month. The supervisor agreed. On his next trip Thompson carried 100 pounds. Because of the load, he left his revolver, overcoat, and blanket behind; he slept on Balsam boughs and seemed impervious to cold. With tedious and patient climbing, he cut the time to Carson City down to three days, despite the heavy weight on his back.

Many a wanderer or lost prospector owed his life to "Snowshoe" Thompson's wide range of mountain coverage. All that winter and for nineteen more, this Americanized Norwegian schussed up and down slopes, seldom missing a schedule and never losing a letter despite mountain lions, cold, or furious blizzards.

A man named Jimmy Sisson tried to cross the high Sierras by himself, knowing that Thompson had accomplished the feat earlier. This daring adventure failed miserably. "Snowshoe" found him two days later, stuck in the deep snow with his two legs frozen; gangrene had set in. The man from Norway carried him to a lean-to in the forest, built a blazing fire, and pushed on to Carson City. Early in the morning he got the doctor out of bed and explained Sisson's mishap.

"Sisson will have to be brought here so I can amputate his legs!" said the physican. "Get some men here to help you and bring him on a sled." When the rescue group started for their destination, they floundered in the snow. Not being able to keep up with Thompson, he skied back to the struggling party and informed them: "Just follow my ski marks, and I'll met you at the lean-to."

Hours later Sisson was placed on the sled, but the going was toilsome, difficult and slow. Much too slow for Thomspon. He grabbed the sled and tugged it up one slope and down the next, using his pole as a brake. In Carson City he picked up the suffering Sisson and carried him to the doctor's office. Here Thompson learned that the operating attendant had to have chloroform, or Sisson wouldn't survive the painful ordeal.

"There's none here or in Reno. I know because I tried to get some. The only place I know of is Sacramento. That's 140 miles from here," stated the doctor.

"I'll get it, Doc!" said Thompson, "Keep Sisson alive until I get back!"

"You're crazy, man. You've already covered 140 miles!" But Thompson was gone. Two days later he carried the mail back to Placerville. He dropped his mail bag at the office and started to climb back on to his skis when Bradwick and his friends in-

(continued on page 55)

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THE PAIUTE STORY OF CREATION

by Richard Taylor

The Paiute story of creation has much fact to back it up; enough to make it as logical and believable as any of the other creation myths promulgated upon this planet. In fact, it closely correlates some of the information in the sacred writings of world religions.

According to the Paiutes, the entire world was under water in the beginning. Then a sacred volcano, known as Mt. Grant today, emerged from Walker Lake, spewing fire and lava, its orange fire brilliant against a darkly clouded primordial sky.

Cold harsh winds began to blow, threatening to drown the volcano's flame with white-capped waves and spray from the lake.

At this point, animistic mythology takes over. The Paiutes say that a very courageous Hutsi (Paiute for sage hen) soared out to the young volcano, then nestled over the fire and protected it from the high waves by fanning them back continuously with its wings.

The brave Hutsi was successful in protecting the flame till the mountain grew high above the lake. But the bird scorched its breast very badly in doing so, and according to the Paiutes, that's why it has a black breast now.

At this point, nature subsided enough to allow the first people to come on the scene. The first man's name was Numinaa. He was a giant who came from the south, and the Paiutes steadfastly claim that his huge footprints can still be seen on Mount Grant.

Numinaa traversed on to the mountains east of Carson Sink, where he set up his abode. A short time later, his squaw, Ibidsii, followed him there. Over the next few years, she gave birth to two sons and two daughters, the beginning of the Paiute Tribe.

The sons were taught how to make and use the bow and arrow for hunting wild game in the desert, and the daughters were shown how to make digging sticks for obtaining health-promoting roots and plants. Their mother also taught them how to construct warm shelters out of willows and tule leaves.

What followed is only logical. When the four children reached adulthood, the young men married their sisters, and then the trouble began.

The two young families quarrelled bitterly. Numinaa quickly tired of the fighting, and to gain peace once more, he ordered the two families to separate.

Accordingly, one family journeyed far to the north, into what is Idaho today. There, they hunted the wild buffalo and became known as the Kotsotikara (buffalo eaters). Today they are called the Bannock Tribe.

Walker Lake became the home of the other family. They quickly gained great skill at catching the beautiful trout in the lake and were known as the Agaihtikara (fish eaters), or Paiutes.

This part of the legend has a quite remarkable basis in fact in that even today both tribes have the same language, and their physical appearance is strikingly similar.

At this point, the creation legend focuses only upon the Agaihtikara or Paiute branch of Indians.

A magic rabbit is extant through all Paiute mythology. It was this magic rabbit who brought them fire from Mt. Grant, the blazing volcano. The rabbit taught Numinaa how to use it. Numinaa, in turn, introduced the use of fire to his children, the Paiutes.

After this, Numinaa and Ibidsii left, traveling eastward to their place in the Indian heaven, an abode in the sky in the regions of the sun.

Their descendants, the Paiutes, lived on the shores of Walker Lake for many generations, enjoying the precious lessons of life their tribal ancestors had given them.

And even down to the coming of the white man, they worshipped Mt. Grant as a holy place.

Geologists confirm that, indeed, it was once a great volcano that pushed its way up through the waters of Walker Lake and into the blue Nevada sky.

And who is to say that the Paiutes' tribal ancestors, Numinaa and Ibidsii, were any less real than Adam and Eve? ●RW

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MAGNIFICENT MILKMAN

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couldn't eat a thing, but everyone piled into the mysterious terraqueous machine with undiminished delight. The trouble was that the wind took the sail while the craft was still on land, and the vehicle was racing along so fast that all the women screamed and Borden had to stop the run before they reached the shore.

He tried it again the next morning, but when the vehicle hit the water and began to move along rapidly, most of the guests panicked and rushed to one side, capsizing the craft and getting themselves soaked. The water was shallow and no one was injured, but when one drenched passenger asked, "Where is Mr. Borden?" another answered with indignation and disgust, "Drowned, I do most sincerely hope!" Actually the inventor, furious with his faint-hearted passengers for bailing out without giving the machine a chance, was clinging to the upturned hull of his wonderful contraption, which did not sink, but did not sell, either.

From this time on, Borden spent most of his time working on condensing and preserving foods. He believed that meat, milk, fruits and vegetables could be made to last longer and cost less through some process of dehydration, and he spent years and a fortune trying to prove it. His first important food creation was what he called the "meat biscuit", a dried concoction of meat and flour. It was patented and won a major award at the Great Council Exhibition in London in 1851 but failed to sell for one basic reason: it tasted terrible. That was a mistake Borden did not make when he began to experiment with condensed milk.

"I never drop an idea except for a better one-never!" he used to say, and Gail Borden sweated for years to prove that his idea for condensing milk was sound and could be profitable. For three years he struggled against bankruptcy and the obstinacy of the Patent Office to prove that his process was new, although milk had been condensed before. Borden's new wrinkle was the use of a vacuum pan to exclude air completely while evaporating the excess fluid, boiling four quarts of milk down to one. He considered milk a living substance and was actually

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UNPAID DEBT

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quired as to where he was going.

"Sacramento!" came the reply.

"Over my dead body you are! Not until you get some sleep. You look tired and worn!"

And he was.

After explaining about the needed chloroform, Thompson was so exhausted that he slept until the next morning. The chloroform sent for by Bradwick arrived in Placerville by horseback. Three days later, Thompson delivered the precious bottle over the mountains to the doctor in Carson City. Sisson's life was saved.

After one of his arduous trips Thompson asked the postmaster, "Am I doing the job well enough to continue delivering mail by skis?"

"Sure thing, I couldn't ask for a better mailman. However I've no money to pay you, but I'll write to Washington!"

A regular petition was drawn up stating the whole history of Thompson's twenty-year efficiency in service. Months went by and no reply came. Finally a group of miners passed the hat to finance "Snowshoe's" trip to Washington in quest of his back pay. Six thousand dollars was a nice round sum to Thompson. Tears of gratitude and appreciation for their efforts on his behalf filled his eyes when he accepted their money. Here indeed was real warmhearted generosity.

In Washington he was referred to another post office, then another, and finally a whole string of them gave him a general and deliberate "run-around," shunting him from pillar to post. "Snowshoe" Thompson returned to the West, a pathetic loser with empty pockets.

Not long afterwards, the man from Norway passed away. He was buried in Genoa, Nevada. Prospectors and friends came from all walks of life to honor him in his last resting place and to finger the crossed skis on his tombstone. His fame and fabulous feats soon spread over a number of states, but no emissary or representative of the main Post Office Department came to pay tribute to this daring and unpaid mailman of the snow country. Washington no doubt found it easier to forget. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *The Saga of "Snowshoe" Thompson* by Katie Key, Reno, Nevada 1931.

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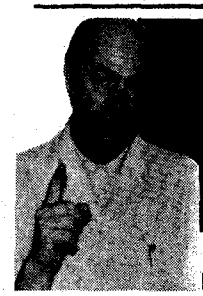

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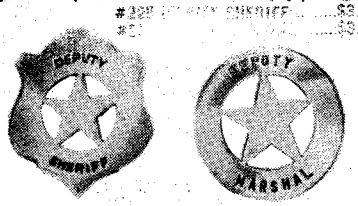

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LAST INDIAN FIGHT

(continued from page 22)

was no answer, only his echo ricocheting around in the foothills. The order was repeated again and again.

"You try it, Johnny," said Miller. "My voice's giving out."

Owens roared away. Suddenly, above his hoarse voice, came the crack of a rifle. The sheriff dropped with a bullet in his groin. Owens was busy working his Winchester and did not notice that his friend had fallen. But most of the possemen saw what happened. They charged out of the dry wash with an enfilade of gunfire. Louis Falkenberg fell with a bullet in his neck. He died instantly.

Reloading his rife, Johnny Owens saw the bleeding officer. He was torn between duty and friendship. But he felt he should stay at his post, as he was the logical successor to direct the attack. It was one of the toughest decisions he ever had to make. He asked for volunteers to carry the stricken sheriff to a nearby line shack. Then, once again, he turned his attention to thumbing the lever and pulling the trigger faster than ever.

The shooting continued for probably ten minutes, and then it was all over. The Indians turned and fled — those that were able — trying to catch Mister Brown, but he had too great a head start.

The posse did not give chase. Instead, they went to the old shack to see if they could help the wounded marshal. He was bleeding profusely. Despite all their efforts, they could not dam the flow of blood. Johnny Owens removed his badge. For Bill Miller, starman of Weston County, his note at the bank had "come around."

The Sioux, too, had some casualties. Eagle Feather was found thrashing around in the dirt, shot through both legs. His companions - in - cause had hightailed it away, leaving him to lie in a pool of his own blood. Black Kettle was killed in the first exchange of gunsmoke. It is said that he fired the first fatal shot, the one that struck the sheriff. He was not the famous Cheyenne chief of the same name who died on the frozen Washita River in Oklahoma when attacked by Custer's Seventh Cavalry.

The Indians also suffered two other fatalities and several minor injuries. The abandoned wagons, loaded with wild game and livestock, were confiscated as evidence.

When news of the battle on Lightning Creek reached the towns of Newcastle, Lusk and Douglas, it was literally as though an electric bolt had [illegible] were immediately organized, and they started out in pursuit of the fleeing Pine Ridgers. Nine of them were captured at Edgemont, just across the line in South Dakota, and they were taken to Douglas for arraignment on a charge of murder. The preliminary hearing was set for Saturday, November 7, 1903.

A United States district attorney from Cheyenne was appointed as defense counsel for the Indians. The local county attorney of Douglas handled the prosecution. Eight members of the posse testified. None of them could positively identify one or several of the Indians who fired the fatal shots. Johnny Owens seemed to say it for all of them.

"They all looked alike. Besides, we were too busy trying to save our own hides."

The presiding judge ruled that the evidence did not warrant holding any of the nine prisoners, as actual identification as to who was responsible could not be definitely established. The case was dismissed. The Indian agent, who had come to Douglas from Pine Ridge, was ostensibly relieved, and he shepherded his wayward flock home in a hurry.

Commissioner Jones, of Indian Affairs, rushed a special agent to Pine Ridge to investigate the Lightning Creek row. His report was typical of bureaucratic waffling, and it was filed away with other dogeared dossiers as *U.S. Senate Document No. 128* under date of January, 1904. The welter of verbiage gave no inkling of what the passing years made cameo clear; the Battle of Lightning Creek was the last fight between the red and the white man in the State of Wyoming.

The Sioux from the Pine Ridge reservation never wantonly traveled into Wyoming again. It must have been some consolation to the families of Bill Miller and Louis Falkenberg to know that they had not died for a sleeveless errand. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Newcastle News-Journal, Newcastle, Wyoming
Laramie *Republican*
Rapid City *Sunday Journal*
Government Printing Office — U.S. Senate Document No. 128
Montana Sate Historical Society

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MAGNIFICENT MILKMAN

(continued from page 55)

pasteurizing it years before Pasteur's theory of bacteria in milk causing disease in humans was generally accepted. The patent was finally granted on August 19, 1856, and although Borden himself first hawked the milk from big containers on the streets of New York, the Civil War had his milk plants straining to keep up with the demand. Gail Borden's condensed milk was a practical reality and a smashing financial success.

Bordon processed his famous milk in factories in Wassaic, New York, and other northern locations, insisting on strict standards of cleanliness that revolutionized the dairy industry. All his employees wore clean white uniforms, and every can of milk was individually inspected for quality, freshness, and temperature.

During the great war, Texan though he was, Gail Borden made a public statement in support of the Union. "I have 'run up my colors,'" he told the press, "my best possessions are in Texas, where I had hoped to spend my last days; yet I love my whole country and government more, and wish to do what I can to sustain them."

It must have been a painful decision; his oldest son was fighting for the Confederacy, and his youngest for the Union. Still, after the war Gail Borden was enthusiastically welcomed back to the Lone Star State, where he spent his last few winters soaking up the sun and building more factories. The aging inventor, editor, patriot, salesman, manufacturer, statesman, and humanitarian was no longer alone; in 1860, he had married Mrs. Emeline Eunice Church, who turned out to be a warm, comfortable companion in his later years.

But Gail Borden's day still began before sunup, and his interests never ceased to expand. The Borden Company of today became established as a major American enterprise under his determined and talented guidance, and there were always new plants to build, new products and markets to develop, good products that could be made better. He never gave up on his meat biscuit, although it was not a commercial success, and he continued to improve upon his famous condensed milk, which more than fulfilled his dream of providing safe, inexpensive milk for babies all over the world.

But time was running out. Gail Borden was a deeply religious man who had already used up more than three score years and ten, so after some deliberation, he chose a cemetery lot in Woodlawn, New York and had a giant, granite milk can erected on it that was visible from the trains that passed by and must have startled many a passenger. It was removed according to his instructions when Gail Borden was finally laid to rest after his death in Borden, Texas, on January 11, 1874, due to pneumonia. The epitaph, a final touch to the life of a totally original character, could not be more fitting:

"I tried and failed,

"I tried again and again, and succeeded."

Gail Borden left a fortune for his heirs, an untarnished reputation for honesty and sturdy independence, and a lot of amusing memories. His beloved Texas named a county after him, with a county seat called "Gail," and no one who ever knew this dogged, loyal, enterprising, good-natured, and occasionally pigheaded rugged individualist was likely to forget him.

Old "Uncle Gail" was one of a kind, and a thousand tales were told about his daffy inventions and fearless forays into the many worlds of business and politics. Some people considered him a genius, while others were less charitable in their estimation of his value to mankind during the long, tough years before his hard-won success. Perhaps one old-timer captured the spirit of Gail Borden best of all in describing him to a friend back in those early days in Galveston:

"He has dozens of inventions, and he is the most wonderful of them all himself." ●RW

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CORRAL, TELEPHONE, DAM

(continued from page 52)

that farming community broke away, and the waters of the flood poured through the break, covering the Beeney Ranch. The break in the levee had saved Marysville. At three o'clock that afternoon, when the lowered flood waters flowed down the Yuba River, through Marysville, the height of the flood measured two feet, eight inches. The spectators on the bridge turned away, disappointed, not yet aware that the city had been saved by the breaking of the levee at Linda.

The flood carried an enormous quantity of debris from the Yuba River into the Feather River. Most of the debris was deposited in the channel of the Feather River, extending several miles below the confluence of the rivers.

The superintendent of the English Dam declared, after the flood, that the dam had been inspected three days before the dam break; it was his opinion that the dam had been deliberately blown apart in one more lawless act in the raging conflict between the hydraulic mining companies and the farmers in the Sacramento Valley. The Milton Mining & Water Company of French Corral posted a $5000 reward for information leading to the conviction of a person or persons responsible for the destruction of the dam. No one was ever brought to trial, and the cause of the dam break was never established. The watchman, who witnessed the breaking up of the dam, died in a fall from a flume a short time later. Miners spoke openly of foul play.

The shock of the terrible flood, the loss of lives, and the enormous property damage formed fiery fuel for the bitter controversy between the gold miners and the farmers. Most of the Sacramento Valley newspapers carried strong editorials protesting the reckless, wasting hydraulic mining.

On January 7, 1884, Judge Alonzo Sawyer, on the United States Circuit Court, handed down a decision which enjoined the miners from dumping debris into the rivers and from mining hydraulically without building restraining dams behind which the debris could be impounded.

The use of the Ridge Telephone Company lines had prevented greater damage and loss of life in the English Dam disaster; but after the Sawyer decision was law, the telephone lines were used by the gold mining companies to circumvent the law. The huge companies continued their illegal operations and did not build the restraining dams ordered in the Sawyer decision. Instead, the Ridge Telephone Company set up stations on all roads leading to the hydraulic mines. Lookouts were installed at the stations, with orders to send alarm calls to the mine operators if strangers were seen nearby. When a lookout man reported the presence of strangers, the water was turned off by the mining operators, and mining operations were discontinued until the strangers had left the vicinity of the mines.

Mining controlled the mountain towns, and when known Federal officers arrived in a mining town, the local newspaper editor printed headlines announcing their presence, although the officer may have advised the editor to refrain from disclosing his presence. In Downieville, a Sierra mining city, the presence of suspected spies was announced by hanging a pair of stuffed overalls on the hotel flagpole.

The Federal law gradually prevailed, and the mines were closed. The mountain mining towns were deserted by most of their residents. The Sierra pines grew closer to the winding roads, and around the old houses.

French Corral now has few residents, but two historical monuments. One monument is on the site of the headquarters of the Ridge Telephone Company. The other monument is still standing: the old schoolhouse. Farther along the road is the impressive Wells Fargo Express Office, built in the 1850's, barred with iron doors and iron window shutters, to guard the millions of dollars in gold it once held for the miners.

The Frenchman's corral disappeared long ago, but the dreaming quiet of its time has settled over the remaining buildings. Whispers of wonderful old tales hover and ghost through the pine trees. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Mr. W.P. Walsh, Staff Manager Employee Publications The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company 140 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Ca. 94105 (Picture and helpful source references)

Mrs. E.L. Dudley, French Corral

(continued on page 61)

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TRUCKEE

(continued from page 27)

A short distance downstream toward Truckee, one sees a white cross glistening in the sun beside the highway. A little further south, along a brick - bordered path, you run into the Graves' cabin, where the unseasonal snow and wind locked them in a vise.

A four-minute drive down the highway, you come to a road sign that reads, "The Donner Party came through this pass at the north. Arrow points to pass..."

McGlashan built an Ice Palace and Toboggan slide to lure the tourists to Truckee's mile-high elevation, but somehow Truckee couldn't quite make it. Perhaps the feeling was, once a wild town always a wild town. The residents were only too quick to tell you all the legends and half-truths handed down to them.

In later years Truckee became as quiet as its surroundings.

Walter Barrett, who published Truckee's weekly newspaper, the *Sierra Sun* in the 1930's, said, "...that not too long ago, the nearest sheriff was 53 miles away in Nevada City. The closest thing to law and order here was the game warden, and nobody wanted him around."

It doesn't mean a thing to Truckee that the automobile and transcontinental highway goes through there. They just keep going! If they come from the east, they invariably head for Lake Tahoe or Sacramento. Or if they come over the barrier from the west, they go to Reno or points east.

Highway 40 became an all-year passable road around 1930. But instead of the winter sports taking place in Truckee, as McGlashan had hoped, the sports enthusiasts flocked westward to the almost 8000 - foot - high Donner summit. As many as 50,000 skiers congregate there on a winter Sunday.

But don't count Truckee out, not just yet. Mr. F. Gilon-Farr, well-renowned architect, has been commissioned to restore Truckee's Main Street of the 1870's. It may yet turn out to be a tourist's delight! ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
California Called Them by Robert O'Brien
U.S. West - Lucius Beebe
Donner Pass and Those Who Crossed It by George Stewart

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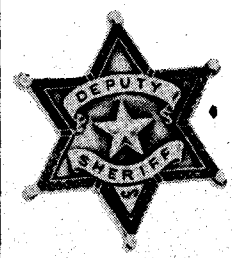

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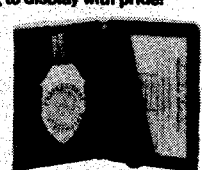

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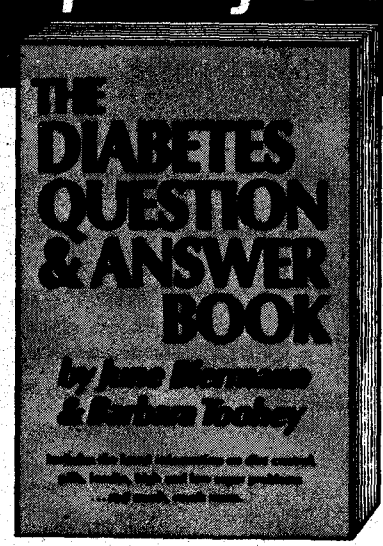

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EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 17)

possible to tell the difference between male and female. Over toward the ravine on the southwest they hurried, and then it was that the Hotchkiss rifle came into play. Early in the fight Lieutenant E. A. Garrington, of Light Battery E of the First Artillery, was wounded in the groin and retired.

When Garrington retired, the hero of the battle took his place in the person of Corporal Paul H. Weinert. There were those who had sneered at the little fellow in times of peace, and said he would never do, even in a skirmish. He looked so mild and inoffensive that few thought him capable of daring things. His hair is blonde, and a little down encircles his face, which is usually wreathed in a smile of the most innocent kind. His figure is short and slender, but athletic looking. His gun was the object at which the Indian sharpshooters directed their attention, but he heeded them not, and continued to send in shell after shell with clock-like regularity. As the Indians retreated he pushed his gun before him and fired on. He was right in the front line; his comrades were back, some wounded and some fearful of the awful shower of bullets. Nothing could daunt young Weinert. The ravine into which the Indians retreated was now occupied as a sort of fortress, and a leaden shower came from there. Weinert pushed his sturdy Hotchkiss right to its mouth. The frame-work around the gun was torn to splinters by bullets. Around his head, through his legs, under his arms they whizzed, and but for an injured finger he was untouched. Every effort was made to dislodge the Indians in the ravine. A dozen soldiers fell in the effort. Weinert pushed his piece up the ravine, took deliberate aim, and sent the shells flying. That ended the battle, and every officer present rushed up to congratulate the brave fellow.

Big Foot met his death soon after the first fire. He had been sick with pneumonia and had been unable to rise. In the first awful fire he was shot through the head. His squaw picked up a gun and fired from the door of the tent, but was soon silenced. The chief medicine-man, whose incantations had caused the band to act with such murderous treachery, fell with a dozen bullets in his body.

It may seem to those not near the battlefield that the killing of men, women, and children was indiscrimate and uncalled for, but the facts are that the women, and the children over twelve years of age, are just as dangerous as so many warriors. They fought right from the start and made no effort to get out of the way. In self-defense the soldiers were forced to fire into the band before them. There was no time to wait for the taking of aim. They went at them like brave men and acquitted themselves creditably.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
January 24, 1891

INDIAN TROUBLES IN THE NORTHWEST

The latest reports indicate that the Indian troubles are gradually subsiding, and, while there is still danger that an outbreak may occur, the probabilities are that the arrangements made by General Miles will hold the hostiles in check. General Miles states that religious fanaticism was at the bottom of the conspiracy of the hostiles; that Sitting Bull had originally planned that the outbreak should take place next spring, but that another prophet appeared advocating the beginning of the war at once, and his influence seems to have been paramount. At two or three points, the Indians engaged in the ghost dances have been arrested and are now in confinement. Some of the more excitable redskins have deepened the war spirited by cutting themsevles with spears and knives, and engaging the ceremonies likely to aggravate the existing frenzy.

There are only two thousand mounted men in the Indian country, extending over a stretch of territory six hundred miles long. The infantry are engaged in guard duty, and it is with this force that General Miles hopes to keep the peace until he shall be strengthened by reinforcements, and so be enabled to crush any uprising that may occur. The Indians are six thousand Indian warriors strong, and some of them are desperate men. Their hostility is augmented by the feeling that they have suffered grave injury and wrong at the hands of the white agents.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
December 13, 1890 ●RW

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

married. Ranald was well educated, and after he finished school, he worked for a time in a bank. In 1841, he shipped out aboard the *Tuskeny*, a slaver bound for London. The ship was chased by a British man - of - war. Ranald later arrived in London via Calcutta, where he shipped out with Captain Lawrence B. Edwards aboard the *Plymouth* in the autumn of 1847. The ship was headed for China and Japan, and to the Japan Seas for whaling. After three months Ranald started out on his own, in June of 1848. In July he landed on Yezo, now called Hokkaido, where he met with the Ainus. He was given food and clothing, but also put in prison for thirty days. While in prison he started a phonetic vocabulary of Japanese words and their English equivalents. In August he was taken aboard a junk and to Soya Bay. He was again questioned, then taken to Matsumae, now called Fukuyama, then on to Nagasaki. Here he was furnished with an interpreter, Moriyama Iyenosuke, now known from his connection with Commodore Perry. Ranald was again imprisoned for seven months. While in prison he started to teach young Japanese to speak English.

In April of 1849, The United States ship *Preble*, commanded by Captain James Glynn, arrived at the harbor of Nagasaki. Along with Lieutenant Silas Bent, Captain Glenn went ashore to gain the freedom of Ranald, then the ship rejoined her squadron on the China coast. Ranald visited China, Calcutta, Madras, Java and Australia. During his travels he kept a journal; when he returned home several years later, he tried in vain to get a publisher for his journal. Much of it was later lost aboard the *Sea Witch* near Madras, India. Ranald died near Toroda, Ferry County, Washington on August 24, 1894.

There are records of Indian births in strange lands. Some of these were babies born to women who accompanied their husbands. Also recorded are deaths of Indians in these faraway places. Sometimes their burials were a mixture of their own beliefs and those of the country they died in.

Many Indians, in their stay in the foreign cities, were horrified at the dire poverty of the thousands of people they saw. They could not comprehend people not having enough food. And the prisons were something many could not understand.

Indians have gone to foreign soil to fight for their native land. There were Indians with Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba in 1898. Many of these were made up of the Five Civilized Tribes and those of the Western and Plains tribes. During the Philippine Insurrection, American Indians took part and some even went to China to fight in the Boxer Rebellion. American Indians have been found in every war and playing an important part in the conflicts of the United States.

Perhaps William Frederick Cody, Buffalo Bill, made the Plains Indians the best known of all tribes when he took many Sioux to Europe in his Wild West Shows. Wherever he took the Indians, large crowds of people would gather. Queen Victoria said "... I am sixty-seven years old ... and have seen all kinds of people; but today I have seen the best-looking people I know. If you belonged to me, I would not let them take you around in a show like this..."

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During the Wild West shows the Indians visited almost every major city in Europe; London, Paris, Barcelona, Vienna, to name just a few places. But even then, of the seventy-two young men taken from the Pine Ridge Reservation in 1889, five died overseas and seven came back in ill health. Two Indians died in London and were buried in West Brompton Cemetery, London in 1892. These were Chief Long Wolf, who died June 11, 1892, age 59 years; and Star, who died August 12, 1892, age 20 months. ●RW

CORRAL, TELEPHONE, DAM

(continued from page 58)

R.R., Smartsville, CA. 95977. Her personal recollections and collection of news stories from *The Morning Union*, Grass Valley, Calif.

Nevada County Historical Society, 214 W. Main, Nevada City, Ca. 95959 Bulletins: March 1954 - Vol. 8, No. 2; August 1957 - Vol. 11, No. 1; November 1957 - Vol. 11, No. 2.

The Public Library, Nevada City, Ca. 95959. Various histories of Nevada County, compiled from newspaper accounts of the dam break, mining operations, and the use of the telephone.

California State Library, Sacramento, Calif. 95814. (For the pictures I purchased from the library for my article.)

ALONG CAME JONES

(continued from page 11)

Joe Goodman, editor of Mark Twain's old newspaper, *The Territorial Enterprise*, addressed a vitriolic open letter to Sharon in the paper:

"... You are feared, hated and despised. Your career in Nevada for the past nine years has been one of merciless rapacity. You fostered yourself upon the vitals of the state like a hyena, and woe to him who disputed with you single coveted morsel of your prey. You cast honor, honesty, and the commonest civility aside. You broke faith with men whenever you could subserve your purpose by doing so."

Johnny Jones had to be the senator! He would smash Sharon again.

Sharon saw that he had to undercut the great public tide for Jones. Sharon was always a good stock market manipulator. He suspected that most of Jones' wealth was still just on paper. He thought he could rig the market and wipe Jones out, even making a profit for himself while doing it. Then Jones wouldn't have the money to run for senator. Sharon threw his own stocks in the Savage Mine on the market. The resulting panic cost Jones about $1 million. It also made $5 million for Sharon.

Though this hurt Jones, it didn't wipe him out. Instead, it ruined hundreds of small investors — all of whom now hated Sharon with a blind vengeance — all of whom became fanatical to see Jones win.

Sharon had to strike again. This time he would try to ruin Jones' reputation. He would make Jones seem like the Comstock Judas.

Sharon paid Isaac Hubbell, foreman of Crown Point the night of the Yellow Jacket fire, $50,000 to say that Jones deliberately set the fire so

(continued on page 64)

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LINCOLN COUNTY WAR

(continued from page 34)

were now hiding in the mountains west of Fort Sumner or moving quietly about, staying with friends at obscure ranches and camps.

In the spring of 1881 Billy was taken to the Spanish-speaking town of Mesilla for trial concerning his part in the killing of Sheriff Brady. In the little adobe courthouse on the public square dominated by the Catholic Church, all the witnesses were questioned in Spanish and their answers translated into English for the record. The judge and the community were on the Murphy side during the "war," so Billy was convicted of murder on April 9, 1881, and four days later was sentenced to be hanged on May 13 in Lincoln.

On April 15 he was taken to Lincoln, where, on the 21st, he was turned over to Sheriff Garrett for safekeeping. His cell in Lincoln was a room on the second floor of a two-story adobe building. This structure, formerly the Murphy store, had recently been remodeled into a makeshift courthouse.

Garrett assigned two deputies to guard the prisoner. But just a week after being jailed, Billy saw his chance in the late afternoon of April 28, 1881. He felled the one guard on duty with a swinging blow from his loose handcuff, snatched the guard's six-shooter and killed him. The other guard, who was across the street, heard the shot and raced to the jail. By the time he arrived, Billy picked up a shotgun and killed the second guard. Still shackled, but armed now with two six-shooters and a Winchester, he hobbled down the jail stairs. At the nearby blacksmith shop he ordered the shackles filed from his ankles and stole a horse.

This sensational break hurt the reputation of Sheriff Garrett who was away from town when it happened. Garrett set out to track down the Kid. On hearing Billy was at Fort Sumner, an abandoned military post being used by Peter Maxwell as a roadhouse and residence, Pat Garrett hid near the adobe structure. About midnight he went into Peter Maxwell's bedroom and talked quietly with him. A shadowy youth entered the doorway with a pistol in his hand. Garrett fired two shots and Billy fell at one end of the fireplace.

Billy the Kid, dressed in a borrowed white shirt much too large for him, was buried in a coffin of plain wood. Ranchmen who had been losing their livestock slept more soundly now that he was gone, but there has been no rest for the legends which his career set in motion.

Who won the Lincoln County War? No one, really! There was less rustling of Jingle-Bob cattle, and Chisum's cattle empire continued to grow and become the largest single cattle ranch in the West. The "Santa Fe" ring controlled New Mexico politics for many years, but the call to statehood was the desperado's doom. Law and order finally were established and New Mexico prospered. ●**RW**

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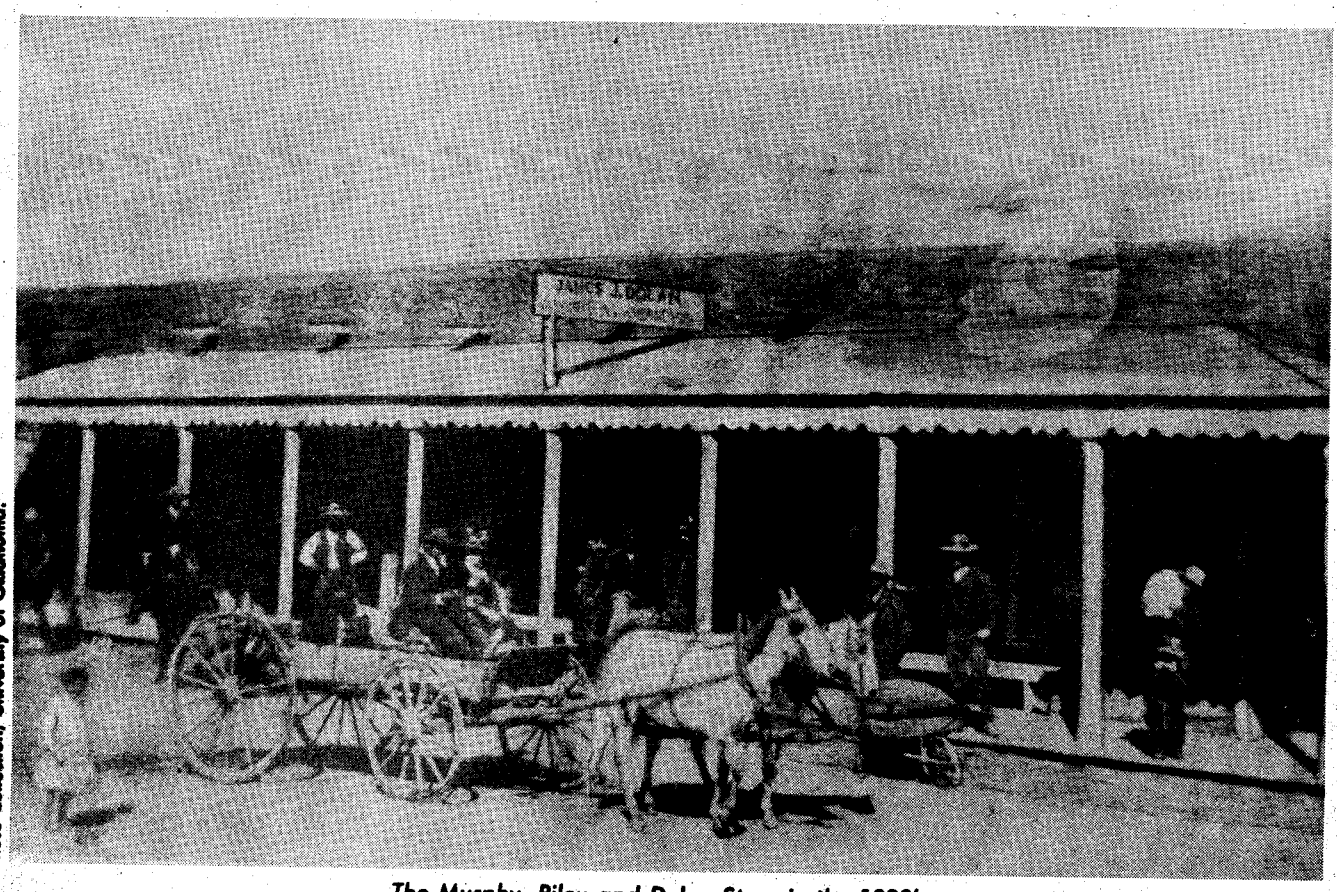

Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma.

The Murphy, Riley and Dolan Store in the 1880's.

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A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED

— says Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

"Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who have obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

"Its Like Being Born Again"

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers—not only relief—but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

- You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the *main factor in the cure of* arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

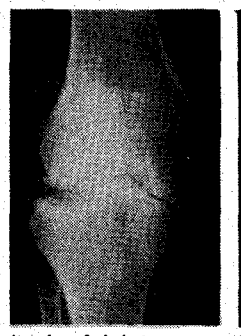
Is That All There Is To It?

Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

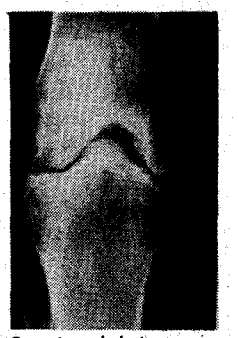
No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. **"There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."**



Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.



Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. *Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day,* traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends —in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.

Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method —X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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(continued from page 61)

that stock prices would crash and he could buy them all up cheaply.

In rage, Jones stormed into Sharon's office with two pistols. He plunked one down in front of Sharon and challenged him to a duel. Sharon only sneered that a duel wouldn't settle anything.

Jones didn't need to fight a duel anyway. The story backfired on Sharon. When it was found that Sharon had paid Hubbell to lie, Joe Goodman wrote that Sharon ought to be stripped naked and whipped in public.

For a while, Sharon did not dare walk down the streets of Virginia City for fear that someone might shoot him.

On Aug. 16, 1872, Sharon announced that he was too sick to continue the election campaign.

No election is a certainty, however. There was the strong possibility that Sharon, in revenge, might throw the election to someone else, even to the Democrats, or perhaps reinstate Nye.

When election day came, one man told Jones that he would deliver to him all the votes in the cemetery for a fee.

When Jones rejected the offer, the man told him that if he didn't take it, the other side would get the graveyard votes unless Jones had poll watchers on duty all day. Jones said he would pay the added expense for poll watchers rather than win by such dishonest methods.

Toward the end of Election Day, someone came into the Ninth Ward poll and said he was "John Donovan."

Jones' poll-watcher interjected, "I challenge that vote."

"On what grounds?" asked the elections officials.

"On grounds of non-residence. John Donovan died in the Fourth Ward and was buried in the Third six months ago."

A fellow Englishman told Jones that he had founded a "Jones British Club." The members would vote for Jones if he paid them. Jones said he would come over and see the men.

He waited until the mines changed shifts and the miners leaving work took their places in the long voting lines. Then he went to the so-called "Jones British Club."

He told them, "I want to explain that the only reason that prompted me to come here today was to have the pleasure of telling the last mother's son of you that you have my full permission to go to hell, and hope that none of you will be delayed in reaching your rightful destination."

With howls of insulted anger, the Britishers ran out of the meeting place to the polls to vote against Jones. By now the lines were so long that none could possibly get in before the polls closed.

When the polls did close, Jones won easily.

Sharon did get his chance to become U.S. Senator in 1875, succeeding Stewart. He distinguished himself by virtually never attending meetings and getting arrested for adultery. Sharon's successor, James Fair, likewise distinguished himself by nonattendance and being legally charged with "habitual adultery."

For 12 years, Jones, in effect, was the only senator from Nevada.

With his first speech before the Senate, Jones became an overnight sensation. Some of the older senators tired to heckle him and trip him up with questions. His vast knowledge put them down. One newspaper said the senators seemed as schoolboys receiving a lecture.

He came to have one of the best private libraries in Washington, where he spent many fond hours. He could hold his own against the most formidable of politicians or awe any of the so-called intellectuals as a result.

He could even go to Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge Sr., the most brahmin of Boston Brahmins, and tell him that he didn't know what he was talking about.

In 1874 Jones and Col. R.S. Baker purchased the large San Vincente Rancho between the mountains and the coast to the west of the small town of Los Angeles. Here Senator Jones founded, laid out, constructed seaport facilities, and spent $1 million in the development of the city of Santa Monica, Calif.

Silver had been discovered in the Mojave Desert northeast of Los Angeles. It seemed likely that the new strike might do for Los Angeles and Santa Monica what Virginia City and the Comstock did for San Francisco.

Jones and his former co-Senator, William M. Stewart, acquired very promising silvermines in the Panamint Mountains near Death Valley. Jones would build a railroad from Panamint City through Los Angeles to Santa Monica.

Unfortunately, the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad proved impractical after the Panamint mines showed themselves to be but a false promise. Jones finally was forced to sell both the railroad and the Santa Monica port facilities to the Southern Pacific Railroad.

He also lost a substantial sum in a Turkish bath development on San Francisco beaches. His Comstock mines finally played out. Suddenly, he found himself broke.

Despite adversity, however, he was never forced to step down from the Senate. At last he managed to recoup his fortunes through investments in Alaska, Oregon and Idaho.

In 1888 Jones built his own mansion, called Miramar, atop the cliffs overlooking the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica. Miramar later became a very plush hotel.

After retirement from the Senate in 1903, Jones sat on the palisades at Miramar looking out over the ocean, watching the sun set. For him, the sun set on Nov. 27, 1912, when death came quietly.

Today, in a park across the street from Miramar Hotel stands a large chair the City of Santa Monica has erected as a memorial to mark where Senator Jones sat watching the sun set in the twilight of his life. ●**RW**

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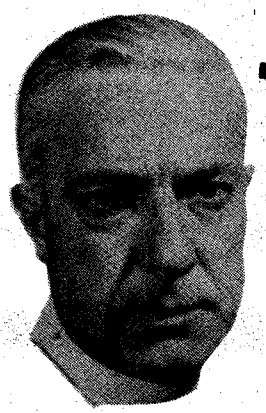
An Important Message



To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. M., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. Lee, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. N., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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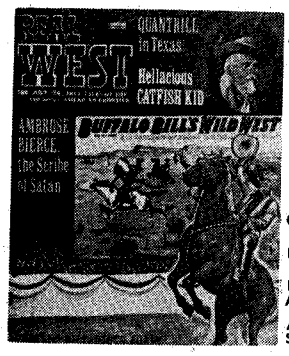


JULY 74

QUANTRILL in Texas
Hellacious CATFISH KID
BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN
AMBROSE PIERCE, the Scribe of Satan.

AUG 74

The WOODSTOCK DISASTER
A Man For Breakfast
Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL
COWBOY BURL
RED RIVER VALLEY

SEPT 74

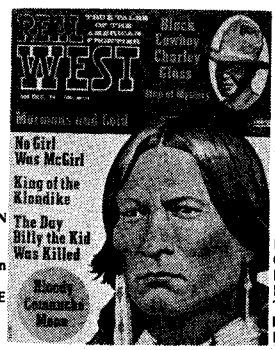
Death of JOHN YOUNGER
Tall Tales of MONTANA
Remember GOLIAD
JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice.

OCT 74

Ambush at BLACK ROCKS
What happened to the 7th CAVALRY at the LITTLE BIG HORN
I will have BLOOD FOR BLOOD
O. HENRY IN TEXAS

NOV 74

The PRESIDENT who WON the WEST
A man called BAT
RUBE BURROW train robber
DELLA BARE, HEROINE of Surprise Valley.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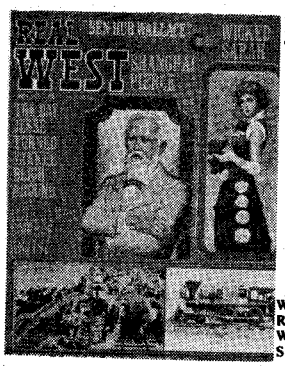
Black Cowboy Charley Glass
No Girl Was McGirl
King of the Klondike
The Day Billy the Kid Was Killed
Bloody Comanche Moon

DEC 74

Black cowboy CHARLEY GLASS
Bloody COMANCHE MOON
The day BILLY the KID was killed
KING of the KLONDIKE

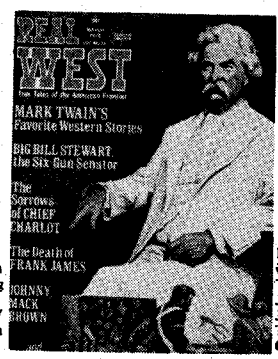


JAN 75

WILL JAMES, cowboy artist
RAILS across the SIERRAS
Wicked SARAH
SHANGHAI PIERCE

FEB 75

The JAMESES in California
SHAKESPEARE, a roaring mining camp
STORY OF THE COWBOY
FREMONT, triumph between tragedies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And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

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You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

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Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

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You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

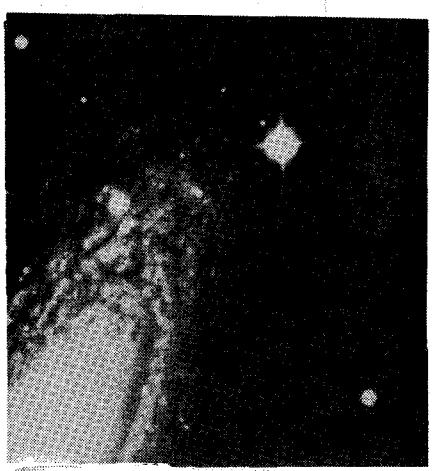
IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!



Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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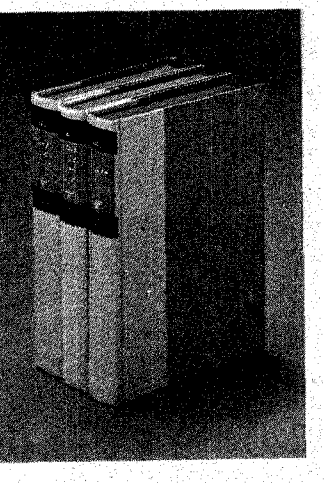

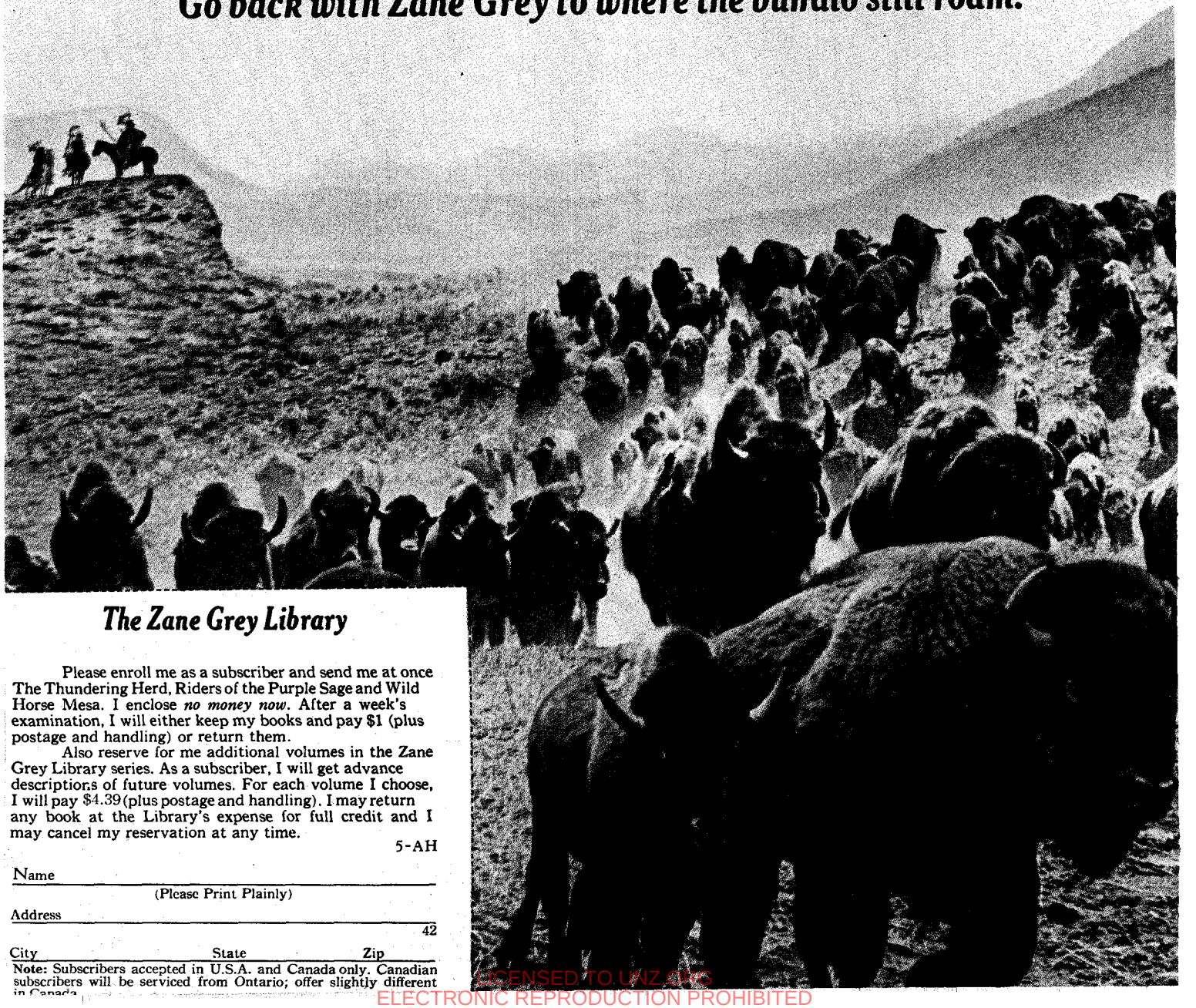

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